

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
1. Visit to the King of Dahomey,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 147
2. Precursors,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 154
3. Phillimore's George III.,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 157
4. The Bible and American Slavery,	<i>Reader</i> , 163
5. The German Press in America,	<i>Spectator</i> , 166
6. Stahr's Life of Lessing,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 168
7. A study of Hamlet, by Dr. Conolly,	<i>Reader</i> , 172
8. The Phantom Bouquet,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 176
9. A Nation of Pigmies,	<i>Reader</i> , 180
10. Pompeii,	" 182
11. Recognition and Mediation Again,	<i>Spectator</i> , 183
12. Napoleon's Last Coup D'état,	" 185
13. An Irish Premier on Ireland,	" 187
14. British Demands on Russia,	" 189

POETRY.—Evening Hexameters, 146. Andrew Hall Foote, 181. Anniversary Hymn, 192. The Dial's Motto, 192.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Eton, 165. Papyrus, 165. Postage Stamps, 1653, 165. Literary Intelligence, 171. What did James Watt know of Photography? 179. The Secret of England's Greatness, 179. Social Science, 191.

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EVENING HEXAMETERS.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

DARKLY the minster towers, against the glow of
the sunset,
Rise from the purple band of mist that beleaguers
the city:
Golden the sky behind, into purest silver melting,
Then dissolved into azure, and arching over the
zenith;
Azure, but flushed with rose, in token that day
yet lingers.
Porcelain-blue in their haze, the hills watch over
our dwellings;
O'er them the evening-star its pale, clear beacon
hath kindled.
All is calmness and silence,—a scene from the
happier country.
Oh, blest shades of eve! Oh, gentle parting of
daylight!
Masses of color divine, all human skill surpass-
ing!
Earthly pleasures may flit, and leave but a pang
behind them:
Friends that we love may die, and their faces be
past recalling;
Only an hour like this fades never away from re-
membrance,
Only thoughts like these track all our life with
blessing.
If the sun setteth no more in the golden country
of promise,
Then must all be changed,—or else were this
earth more lovely!
Sunset, beautiful sunset—summer and winter
and autumn,
Ay, and the budding springtide—what were they
all without thee?
Lulling the day to sleep with all its busy distrac-
tions,
Calming the soul from toil to share the blessing
of converse,
Tinting the skies with a thousand hues unknown
to the daylight,
Touching the temples of earth with a coal from
the fire of the altar,
Fading away into calmness, and bringing the
mood of devotion:—
Hail, thou time of prayer and praise and holy
reminders!
Never does God come down on the soul, as at fall
of evening:
Fair is the rise of the sun, and glorious the east
in its kindling,
But then comes the day, and the surface of
thought is ruffled;
Day, with the world and with care, and with
men's importunate faces.
Far more blessed is eve; when all her colors are
brightest,
One by one they have time to grow slowly fainter
and fainter,
Fade and fade and fade, like music that dies in
the distance:
Then still night draws on, and drops her veil
over all things,
Sealing the memory up, a possession of beauty
for ever.

Surely the western glow lay warm on the
vaults of the temple,
When the parents came in, with the doves, the
poor man's offering,
Bringing the holy Child to do as the law com-
manded.
Fell not the roseate light on the snow-white hair
of the ancient,
Lit it not up in his arms the soft fair flesh of the
Infant,
Sparkled it not on the tear in the eye of the
maiden mother,
While like incense there rose from the depths of
the satisfied spirit
“Let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen
thy promise!”
Therefore the Church doth sing her *Nunc di-
mittis* at evening,
Evening, when all is peace, and the land of peace
looks closest,
When life seems at an end, and all its troubles
behind us,
And the salvation so near, that the soul yearns
forth to grasp it.

Burned not the domes of the city with day's
last beam in the distance,
When those two turned in, arrived at their door
in the village,
When they besought Him, saying, “Abide with
us, for it is evening?”
Fell not the purpling shadows o'er rock and
crumbling ruin,
As they sped joyful back to tell their tale to the
mourners?

Thus doth the spirit, in singing of earth,
pause ever and listen,
Seeking an echo from Him, her centre of life and
blessing:
Thus flows forth all beauty from Him, who is best
and brightest.
All fair things are of Thee, thou dear Desire of
the nations,
Thou art the Sun of Life, and day is alone where
Thou art:
Thine the effulgence there, and Thou the orb of
its glory.
Set Thou never on me, best light of my soul!
Be near me
In the meridian hours, the toil and heat of the
noonday:
Nor do Thou fail, when the night falls round,
and the shadows enwrap me.

But by this, from the western heaven hath
faded the daylight,
Vesper hath trimmed his lamp, and the keen
stars twinkle around him;
Still loom forth from the bank of mist that hath
buried the city
Darkly the minster-towers; but gone is the glow
of the sunset.

Scotland Hills, Canterbury,
Feb. 1863.

—Good Words.

From The Athenæum.

Despatches from Commodore Wilmot respecting his Visit to the King of Dahomey, in December, 1862, and January, 1863. (Presented to the House of Commons.)

THESE despatches throw some new light on that strange region well known as the Garden of Africa, and give a graphic account of its extraordinary sovereign. The King of Dahomey has recently obtained the reputation of being one of the chief promoters of slave traffic; hence English cruisers and English missionaries have been hovering about his territories. Towards the end of last year, Commodore Wilmot, of the *Rattlesnake*, was informed by the Rev. P. W. Bernasko, Wesleyan Missionary in the English fort, that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see somebody of consideration from England—"a real Englishman"—with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country. Having mentioned this to the Yavogah of Whydah, the latter said, "If you will come back again in seven days, I will send to the king, and let you know if he will see you." He accordingly sent to the king, saying that Mr. Wilmot was a "good and proper person, come out as a messenger from the Queen of England." Before making up his mind to accept the king's invitation, there were many points, Mr. Wilmot tells us, to be considered. It had been said that our late attack on Porto Novo had enraged the king's mind to such an extent that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer in order to avenge the destruction of that place. Porto Novo belongs to his brother; and the European residents at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the disposition of the king towards Englishmen, and his hatred of them. But after mature consideration he resolved to go, and place implicit trust in the king's good faith.

Having made preparations for an absence of fourteen days, he landed on the 22d of December, in company with Capt. Luce and Dr. Haran, of the *Brisk*, who had volunteered to accompany him. The *Rattlesnake* and the *Brisk* were sent to cruise, and both vessels were ordered to return on the 14th of the next month. The three Englishmen were conveyed in hammocks across the lagoon and through the wet and marshy ground, almost impassable in the rainy months, to a large tree at the entrance of Whydah, where cer-

tain ceremonies were gone through as a welcome. They were received most cordially by the yavogah and other officials, with drums beating, colors flying, muskets firing, caboccers as well as soldiers dancing, and the latter singing warlike songs. "We were also treated," remarks the commodore, with the simplicity of a man accustomed to strange sights, "to the manoeuvres of a slave hunt." The yavogah and chiefs accompanied them to the English fort, where the king's stick was presented, and the healths of the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey were drunk. Having secured hammock-men, carriers for luggage, and guides, and being furnished with a bodyguard of soldiers, they started the following afternoon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Bernasko and his servants. They arrived at Cannah, eight miles from Abomey, in the evening, when the king was holding his court. At all places on the road the head men turned out with their soldiers, and received the strangers with firing, dancing and the usual presents of water, fowls, and goats. Speeches were made expressive of their desire to go to war and cut off heads for their master. The war-dance was performed by women and children, and motions made with swords as if in the act of decapitating their enemies. This show of war did not interfere with hospitality, for at the villages where they slept, comfortable quarters had been provided, and water furnished. The latter is, however, denounced by the commodore as very bad, scarce, and unwholesome. The king had sent three of his sticks by special messengers to meet them on their way, with inquiries about their health; and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th he summoned them to his reception. They went in full dress, and remained under some large trees, in an open space. After a short time, the chiefs arrived in succession with their followers, according to their rank, and were duly introduced, the same drumming, firing, dancing, and singing being carried on as at Whydah. When this, which occupied a considerable time, was over, the commodore and his companions got into the hammocks and went to the palace, outside of which, in a large square, were assembled all the chiefs with their people, as well as large bodies of the king's soldiers. The gaudy colors of the large umbrellas, the dresses of the head men, the firing of the muskets, the songs of the

people, the beating of the war-drums, the savage gestures of the soldiers, and their ferocious appearance, made the travellers at first a little uncomfortable. All, however, treated them with marked respect, while, according to custom, they were carried three times round the square. After the third time, they got down and entered the palace-gates, passing through a row of chiefs on each side. They found the courtyard of the palace presenting a spectacle not easily forgotten. At the further end was a large building, of some pretensions to beauty in that country, being made of thatch, and supported by columns of wood, roughly cut. In front of this, and close to it, leaving an open space for admission to the king, was placed a large array of variegated umbrellas, to be used only by the sovereign. Near these were congregated his principal chiefs. On either side of him, under the building, were his wives, to the number of about one hundred, gayly dressed, most of them young and exceedingly pretty.

The king was reclining on a raised dais about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe, whilst one of his wives held a glass sugar-basin as a royal spittoon. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetich charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth around his waist. The left side of the courtyard was filled with Amazons, from the walls up to the king's presence, all armed with various weapons, such as muskets, swords, gigantic razors for cutting off heads, bows and arrows, and blunderbusses. Their large war-drum was conspicuous, being surrounded with human skulls. The visitors advanced with due form and ceremony to where the king was sitting; and, when close to him, all the respect due to royalty was paid by bowing, which he gracefully acknowledged by bowing himself, and waving his hand. Having sat down close to him, in chairs that had been brought from Whydah, the conversation commenced with the usual compliments. He asked about their health, and how they got on during the journey. He then inquired about the queen and all her family, asking many questions about the form of government in England. Mr. Wilmot said the queen sent her compliments to him, and hoped he was quite well, at which he seemed much pleased; but this being only a visit of

introduction, nothing political was entered into. The king then gave orders for his Amazons to perform a variety of movements, which they did most creditably. They loaded and fired quickly, singing songs all the time. In Mr. Wilmot's opinion they are a very fine body of women, and are very active in their movements, being remarkably well limbed and strong. No one is allowed to approach them except the king, who lives amongst them. They are first in honor and importance. All messages are carried by them to and from the king and his chiefs. Every one kneels down while delivering a message, and the men touch the ground with their heads and lips before the king. The women do not kiss the ground nor sprinkle themselves with dust as the men do. When a man appears before the king he is obliged to perform the ceremony of covering his head and upper part of his body with dust before he rises, as much as to say, "I am nothing but dirt before thee!" Though the commodore admits that this is rather a degrading spectacle, he says, "but, after all, it is only the custom of the country." After the Amazons had finished the manoeuvres, they came to the strangers and gave them their compliments, singing songs in praise of their master, and saying they were ready for war, suiting the action to the word by going through the motions of cutting off heads. The king then introduced all his princes, chiefs, and warriors, in succession, according to rank; then the chiefs and captains of the Amazons; then the princesses, daughters of the late king: in fact, he brought up and named one by one everybody of importance in his kingdom, including the mother of the king and the mothers of his principal chiefs. After each group was introduced, a bottle of rum was given, the usual present after such a ceremony, and a signal that they had permission to retire. To the head chiefs a glassful each was presented, which was drunk by themselves, or given to one of their followers. When once in the king's presence, or in his capital, no one, European or native, can leave without this customary present. After all the presentations, the king called the Amazons again to salute the strangers, and then offered them water and spirits, which he drank with them; and thus terminated the first visit. No one is permitted to see the king drink: all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up

by his wives while the royal mouth takes in the liquid.

When the visitors were going away the king got up, it being almost dark, and walked beside them across the courtyard, through the gates, and nearly half a mile on the road towards their house, which was considered a great compliment. The whole court followed, with the exception of the Amazons and the wives, who never join in such processions. The soldiers shouted and sang their war songs, while certain chiefs went in front of the king to clear the road and point out any dirt or inequalities of ground before the feet royal. The sight was imposing, and impressed Mr. Wilmot with the power of the king amongst his people. He seemed much feared as well as much beloved. Indeed, he appears to have produced no small effect on the commodore himself, who describes him as a very fine-looking man, upwards of six feet high, broad-shouldered, and with a pleasant countenance when he likes. His eyes are bloodshot. He is a great smoker, but does not indulge much in the bottle. His skin is much lighter than that of most of his people, resembling the copper color of the American Indians. He is very active, and fond of dancing and singing, which he practises in public during the "customs." He is an admirer of the fair sex, of whom he possesses as many as he likes. He is about forty-three years old. Before leaving the palace, the king saluted the queen with twenty-one guns, from pieces of all sizes, the largest being a three-pounder. These guns are, usually, carried on men's heads, and occasionally placed on the ground and fired off. The king also saluted his visitors with nine guns. The number of guns fired was shown by a corresponding number of musket-balls produced in an iron pot.

On arriving at their quarters after this day's ceremony, the prince, who had accompanied them from Whydah, asked for a present for the soldiers and Amazons. He said he hoped they would not make him ashamed before his people, as he had brought the party up, and was ordered to attend upon them. Mr. Wilmot immediately acquiesced, and made them a handsome present, which was thankfully acknowledged. Whenever strangers meet, they either drink with each other on their first arrival, or when they are about to depart. Of course, our countrymen had al-

ways to submit to this, which caused a great drain upon their resources. Next day the king's jesters danced before them. One of the Amazons, in firing, had injured her hand very much by the bursting of the musket, and a messenger arrived from the king with a request that the doctor might be allowed to attend her. This was granted, and Dr. Haran saw her twice a day until the wound was healed and a perfect cure made. The wound was a very severe one, and Mr. Wilmot thinks it was fortunate for the Amazon that the skill of Dr. Haran was called in.

The commodore has no small opinion of his own tact. He says: "I have reason to believe that my line of conduct was rewarded by the whole country being laid open before us, and the whole people, king, chiefs, and all, being our friends. The greater part of what we saw I firmly believe was entirely got up for my sake, and certainly no white men ever saw what we did, or were treated with such marked consideration."

While at Cannah the king invited them on the afternoon of two days to witness the firing of his Amazons and soldiers with ball at a mark. They found him about two miles outside the town in a very large open space which had been cleared away, surrounded by his chiefs and people, to the number of several thousand, preparing to practise at a number of goats, which were tied to stakes driven in the ground at intervals of about fifteen yards, under a mud wall of considerable length, and about ten feet high. The king received them very cordially, and told the prince to place them under his own umbrellas in a convenient place for seeing everything. The firing commenced, and the king's bodyguard of Amazons distinguished themselves as good shots. The king fired several times himself. The soldiers fired also exceedingly well, and taking into consideration the quality of the flint musket and the iron ball, which is jagged and fits loosely in the barrel, the display they made astonished the strangers. Several goats were killed, and on the second day four of those despatched were sent to Mr. Wilmot as a present. These had been selected by the Amazons as a particular present to the visitors, and until they were killed no other goat was fired at. The firing was very rapid, and the ladies' weapons were well handled. Some heads were cut off during the night, and this appears to be the

practice whenever the king returns to his capital. Eight heads were in the doorway of the palace on the following morning, and more of these trophies were inside. Mr. Wilmot and his companions remained in Abomey five weeks, and daily witnessed scenes of a very extraordinary character, such as the dancing of the Amazons, their warlike songs, the dancing and songs of the soldiers, the distribution of presents to the princes, chiefs, captains, and head-men of the troops, the "passing" of the king's drummers, of the captains of the Amazons, of the king's jesters, and a variety of other people which appear before the king during the "customs."

Upon the last day but one of the "customs," late in the afternoon, a large body of soldiers, with their attendants carrying their camp equipage, made their appearance from a place about three days' journey in the interior, belonging to the king. These men had been sent to the assistance of a small town belonging to a chief on friendly terms with the king, who had been threatened by the Abbeokutans, and who had applied to Abomey for assistance. The king had granted the assistance required, and despatched two of his head warriors with about six hundred men for this purpose. When these men arrived at the town, they found that the Abbeokutans, hearing of their approach, had run away, and hence their return to Abomey. As usual, on their return the king made them a long speech, and gave them presents.

On the Saturday, six days after the English party's arrival at Abomey, the king saw them privately in his own palace, and they gave him the presents brought up for the occasion. He was attended by six of his Privy Council, his most trusted friends; also by five of his principal wives. He would only receive the presents from Mr. Wilmot's hands. He gave him first the picture of the queen, saying that her majesty had sent this out as a mark of her friendship, and her wish to be on good terms with him. He took it in his hands and admired it very much. In this picture the queen is represented in her coronation robes, with crown on her head and sceptre in her hand. The frame is very handsome, and the picture is a large one. After looking at it attentively, he asked many questions concerning the dress, and then said, "From henceforth the Queen of England and

the King of Dahomey are one. The queen is the greatest sovereign in Europe and I am king of the blacks. I will hold the head of the kingdom of Dahomey, and you shall hold the tail." Mr. Wilmot then gave him a few small presents from himself, with which he was very much delighted and grasped him warmly by the hand. His council participated in these feelings, and said, "At last good friends have met." Then commenced the delivery of the message which the commodore thought it his duty to lay before the king. The first subject was the slave trade, on which he argued apparently at great length. He then gave the king an admonition about human sacrifices, and the threatened occupation of Abbeokuta, winding up with the suggestion of an embassy, an extension of trade and missionary schools. The king listened attentively to the message, and made several remarks during its delivery. The usual ceremony of drinking was not forgotten, and he accompanied Mr. Wilmot through the gates of the palace far on the road to his quarters, amidst the cheers of the soldiers and people. They remained a month in Abomey after the delivery of this message, in consequence of the "customs" going on. Nothing could persuade the king to let them go until this was over, as he was most anxious that they should see everything and report it.

They saw the royal treasures pass round in the interior of the palace, preceded by all the principal ministers, princes, and chiefs, in their court costume. The captains of the Amazons passed round in the same way. The costume worn, the different colors displayed according to etiquette, the ornaments of silver round the necks, with an occasional skull at the waist-belt of the Amazons, and the half-savage appearance of all, notwithstanding their good manners and modest behavior, were peculiarly interesting. It was during the procession of the king's treasures, that the "human sacrifices" came round, after the cowries, cloths, tobacco, and rum had passed, which were to be thrown to the people. A long string of live fowls on poles appeared, followed by goats in baskets, then by a bull, and lastly half a dozen men with hands and feet tied, and a cloth fastened in a peculiar way round the head.

A day or two after these processions, the king appeared on the first platform: there were four of these platform, two large and

two small. His father never had more than two, but he endeavors to excel him in everything, and to do as much again as he did. If his father gave one sheep as a present, he gives two. The sides of all these platforms were covered with crimson and other colored cloths, with curious devices, and figures of alligators, elephants, and snakes; the large ones are in the form of a square, with a neat building of considerable size, also covered over, running along the whole extent of one side. The ascent was by a rough ladder covered over, and the platform itself was neatly floored with dried grass, and perfectly level. Dispersed all over this were chiefs under the king's umbrellas, sitting down, and at the further end from the entrance the king stood surrounded by a chosen few of his Amazons. In the centre of this side of the platform was a round tower, about thirty feet high, covered with cloths, bearing similar devices as the other parts. This is a new idea of the king's, and from the top of this tower the victims are thrown to the people below. When the king is ready, he commences by throwing cowries to the people in bundles, as well as separately. The scramble begins, and the noise occasioned by the men fighting to catch these is very great. Thousands are assembled with nothing on but a waist-clout, and a small bag for the cowries. Sometimes they fight by companies, one company against the other, according to the king's fancy; and the leaders are mounted on the shoulders of their people. After the cowries, cloths are thrown, occasioning the greatest excitement. While this lasts, the king gives them to understand that if any man is killed, nothing will be done to the man who is the cause of it, as all is supposed to be fair fighting with hands, no weapons being allowed. Then the chiefs are called, and cowries and cloths are given to them. The king begins by throwing away everything himself; then his Amazons take it up for a short time, when the king renews the game, and finishes the sport, changing his position from one place to another along the front part of the platform. When all that the king intends throwing away for the day is expended, a short pause ensues, and, by and by, are seen inside the platform the poles with live fowls (all cocks) at the end of them, in procession towards the round tower. Three men mount to the top, and receive, one by one, all these poles, which are precipitated on

the people beneath. A large hole has been prepared, and a rough block of wood ready, upon which the necks of the victims are laid, and their heads chopped off, the blood from the body being allowed to fall into the hole. After the fowls came the goats, then the bull, and, lastly, the men, who are tumbled down in the same way. All the blood is mixed together in the hole, and remains exposed with the block till night. The bodies of the men are dragged along by the feet, and maltreated on the way, by being beaten with sticks, hands in some cases cut off, and large pieces cut out of their bodies, which are held up. They are then taken to a deep pit and thrown in. The heads alone are preserved by being boiled, so that the skull may be seen in a state of great perfection. The heads of the human victims killed are first placed in baskets and exposed for a short time. This was carried on for two days. Mr. Wilmot would not witness the slaying of these men on the first day, as he was very close to them, and did not think it right to sanction by his presence such sacrifices. He therefore got up and went into a tent, and when all was over returned to his seat. One of the victims was saved:—

"While sitting in the tent a messenger arrived, saying, 'The king calls you.' I went and stood under the platform where he was. Tens of thousands of people were assembled; not a word not a whisper was heard. I saw one of the victims ready for slaughter on the platform held by a narrow strip of white cloth under his arms. His face was expressive of the deepest alarm, and much of its blackness had disappeared; there was a whiteness about it most extraordinary. The king said, 'You have come here as my friend, have witnessed all my customs, and shared good-naturedly in the distribution of my cowries and cloths; I love you as my friend, and you have shown that an Englishman, like you, can bear patience, and have sympathy with the black man. I now give you your share of the victims, and present you with this man, who from henceforth belongs to you, to do as you like with him, to educate him, take him to England, or anything else you choose.' The poor fellow was then lowered down, and the white band placed in my hands. The expression of joy in his countenance cannot be described: it said, 'The bitterness of death and such a death, is passed, and I cannot comprehend my position.' Not a sound escaped his lips, but the eye told what the heart felt, and even the king himself participated

in his joy. The chiefs and people cheered me as I passed through them with the late intended victim behind me."

The "customs" were concluded by a day of firing, when all the soldiers, under their different leaders, marched past the king in review order. The king danced with his Amazons, and invited the visitors to join. While the "customs" last the king does not transact any public business.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 16th of January, the king asked the commodore to review his Life Guardsmen and women, and he then made him colonel over the whole of them, about one thousand strong each—an honor for which the new colonel had to pay dearly, according to the custom of the country. Speeches were made by the captains, who were introduced separately, the whole tenor of which was what they would do at Abbeokuta, and the number of heads that would fall to Mr. Wilmot's share. The following day, Saturday the 17th, the king saw them in private, as before, and gave his answer to the message. He commenced by saying how glad he was that a messenger had been sent who by his patience and forbearance had shown himself a friend to the black man. He then entered into a long history of his country in the time of his ancestors, and stated how anxious his father was to be friends with the English. He said that for many years past (he did not know why) the English seemed to be hostile to him, and endeavored to make all nations in Africa fight against him. He said that the slave trade had been carried on in his country for centuries, and that it was his great means of living and paying his people. He did not send slaves away in his own ships, but "white men" came to him for them, and was there any harm in his selling? We ought to prevent the "white men" from coming to him; if they did not come he would not sell. We had seen what a great deal he had to give away every year to his people who were dependent on him; and that this could not be done by selling palm oil alone. If people came for palm oil he would sell it to them; but he could not carry on his government upon trade alone. If he gave up the slave trade, where was he to get money from? It was not his fault that he sold slaves, but those who made his fathers do it, and hence it became an institution of his country. He said, "I cannot stop it all at once; what will my

people do? And besides this, I should be in danger of losing my life." Being asked how much money he would take to give it up, he replied, "No money will induce me to do so; I am not like the Kings of Lagos, Porto Novo, and Benin. There are only two kings in Africa, Ashantee and Dahomey; I am the king of all the blacks. Nothing will recompense me for the slave trade." He said there were plenty of blacks to sell, and plenty to remain; and that the price of a slave was eighty dollars, with four dollars custom on each. On most occasions he is paid before the slaves are taken away, but sometimes he risks the payment, and then he suffers by the capture of the slave-ship. He said "I must go to Abbeokuta: we are enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them. Let us alone; Why interfere in black man's wars? We do not want 'white men' to fight against us; let every one go out of Abbeokuta, and see who will win. Let the 'white man' stand by and see which are the brave men!" He spoke strongly of Porto Novo and said, "If my friends the English had sent to me, I would have broke Porto Novo for them." He promised faithfully to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his generals should have strict orders to that effect. When asked about the Christians at Ishagga, he said, "Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes: it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know that I am coming? If they do so, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies. If a musket-ball touches the white man at Abbeokuta, am I to blame if they will not go away when they know I am coming?" Mr Wilmot reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought "his observations so thoroughly just and honest." The next subject was the "human sacrifices." He said, "You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By and by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by

threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way: by and by, by and by." As to the embassy, he said he would send a prince to England, if Mr. Wilmot came again and gave him the queen's answer to what he had stated. With regard to the schools at Whydah, the king said, "Any of the mulattoes may send their children."

After the interview, which lasted some time, the king made several presents: namely, for the queen a large umbrella, made of different colored velvets, with the devices emblematic of their customs; a large carved stool, which no one but kings are allowed to possess; a pipestick and bag; a bag made from the leather of the country, with a lion worked upon it; a very handsome country cloth, and a long stick ornamented with silver, which can only be carried by the king; also two girls, one about twelve, the other sixteen, very pretty and intelligent. These last were left by the commodore at Whydah, in charge of the colored missionary's wife there, until the wishes of her majesty on the subject can be ascertained. The girls were taken at Ishagga, and seemed to be very interesting.

They found the population very scanty. After they had left Whydah, every soldier in the place went on to Abomey to swell the numbers there. There was not a man to be seen on their return, none but women and children. On the whole, there are far more women than men, probably three to one, which may be the reason why the Kings of Dahomey, who are always at war, are obliged to raise and keep up the Amazons, or "women soldiers," to the extent that they do.

The Amazons are everything in this country. The king lives with them and amongst them; they are only to be found in the royal palaces. When they go out to fetch water, which is every day and nearly all day, the one in the front (for all follow in single line) has a bell round her neck much like a sheep-bell in England, which she strikes whenever any person is seen approaching. Immediately the men run away in all directions, and clear the road by which the Amazons are

coming. They then wait till all have passed. The reason for this is, that if an accident were to happen to any one of these women, either by her falling down and breaking the water-jar on her head, or if the water-jar fell off her head, the unfortunate man who happened to be near at the time would be immediately seized, and either imprisoned for life or have his head taken off, as it would be supposed that he was the cause of the accident. No wonder, then, that they get out of the way as quickly as possible. The commodore and his friends were always obliged to follow this custom, but women are not expected to avoid them in this manner. All day long the sound of this bell is heard, and people are seen flying away. The Amazons seemed to enjoy it, and laughed heartily when the men stepped aside to avoid them.

Whatever may be the object in thus keeping up such a large body of "women soldiers," there is no doubt that they are the main stay of the kingdom. Mr. Wilmot put down the number at 5,000; and besides these there are numerous women to attend upon them as servants. He saw 4,000 under arms at Abomey, and there are more in other parts of the kingdom residing in the royal palaces. He thinks they are far superior to the men in everything—in appearance, in dress, in figure, in activity in their performances as soldiers, and in bravery. Their numbers are kept up by young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age being attached to each company, who learn their duties from them; they dance with them, sing with them, and live with them, but do not go to war with them until they have arrived at a certain age, and can handle a musket. These women seem to be fully aware of the authority they possess, which is seen in their bold and free manner, as well as by a certain swagger in their walk. Most of them are young, well-looking, and have not that ferocity in their expression of countenance which might be expected from their peculiar vocation.

This report on Dahomey is one of the most curious bits of reading produced during the London season.

From The Saturday Review.
PRECURSORS.

THERE is a class of writers who are distinguished by the special gift of being able to understand, before other people, the signs of the times. To use an unsatisfactory phrase, they are in advance of their age, and show in all their works a sense of the fact that the course of events is bringing up for solution a set of questions the character of which they apprehend, very often indistinctly enough, but still long before their neighbors. One of the first features of the literature of the last century which strike a reader of the present day is the general air of satisfaction which pervades a great part of it. Innumerable writers, especially in our own country, seem to have felt and written as if the course of affairs had produced a state of stable equilibrium both in politics and society. It was so in poetry, it was so in art, it was so pre-eminently in history. Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and the other great men of that age, wrote history with a serene, untroubled, and unsympathetic air, which looks as if they had never seen great events, and did not know how to understand descriptions of them. It is only in a few detached instances that the coming events cast their shadow over the minds of the great writers of that day, and that they show a dim forecast of the convulsion in which the century was to end. Here and there, however, such feelings may be traced—more frequently in France than in England, for obvious reasons. The deep-seated abuses, and the enormous masses of lying and corruption in high places, which made French society a whitened sepulchre, did act upon the imagination of some of those who lived amongst them, and did lead them to foresee some great change in the state of the society in which they lived. The reader of the most characteristic works both of Rousseau and Voltaire, to say nothing of less illustrious names, finds himself at once in a modern world. The questions considered, and the spirit in which they are dealt with, are to a great extent those of our own time and country; and the books in which they are contained constitute, though with remarkable exceptions, a series of protests against the order of things in the midst of which the writers lived. The French Revolution gave an extraordinary impulse to what may be called sympathetic literature. Ever

since it fairly took hold, not merely of the understanding, but of the imagination of the world at large, a wonderful power of comprehending the questions which interested past times, and a strong propensity to pry into those which will interest our descendants, have been observable. One marked illustration—though not, perhaps, a very important one—is to be found in the growth of historical novels. Such a book as *Ivanhoe* could not have been written before the French Revolution. This power of sympathizing with the past involved the power of looking beyond the present, and to specify the remarkable writers in whom it has shown itself would be to criticise all the most remarkable works of the last sixty years. A few names may be mentioned as examples. One of the earliest and most striking instances of the peculiar temperament which belongs to precursors was afforded by Joseph De Maistre. It is difficult to believe, in reading the *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, that it was written half a century ago. The tone, the temper, the arguments are all those of a later period. Large parts of the book read as if they had been written expressly to anticipate Dr. Newman, whilst others sound like a refutation of Comte. Indeed, this eminent person observed, with some truth, that if Aristotle and St. Paul had done something in the way of heralds to Auguste Comte, his immediate precursor was De Maistre. Lamennais was a man not, indeed, of the same order, but with the same prospective turn of mind; and the history of French Socialism on the one hand, and of one component element of Italian Liberalism on the other, testifies to the influence which he exerted over his generation.

Of precursors in the modern history of our own country, none was more conspicuous, or on the whole less understood, than Dr. Newman. Whenever the history of the movement in which he was by far the most remarkable agent comes to be written by a person capable of understanding it, the facts that he influenced deeply many of the most powerful minds of his generation in their most vital part, and that he foresaw the great religious controversy now beginning a quarter of a century earlier than the rest of the world, will be invested with the prominence which they deserve. The famous sermon which declared that in science the earth might move round the sun, but that in theology the

sun moved round the earth, contains not so much the germ of almost all our subsequent controversies as one possible result of them, which some minds have already reached, while others are on the high road to it. Dr. Newman was a marvellously persuasive and sympathetic precursor. To a smaller audience, and perhaps in a narrower way, Dr. Arnold was even more persuasive; but these names, and those of all other English precursors, grow pale before the two great names which stand, as it were, on opposite sides of the passage from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century—Coleridge and Bentham. Mr. Mill has well said that the whole history of the present generation has flowed from the ideas of which they were the representatives, and that any one who could rise to the point from which their respective creeds would appear as opposite sides of one larger faith would have practically solved some of the greatest problems of the age.

It should be observed that the qualities which make a man a precursor are by no means the most admirable in the world, nor are they the most highly paid. They consist, apparently, in great sympathy, great force of imagination, and that power in judging of the general course of events which, if displayed in small private affairs, would be tact. The possession of all these gifts is perfectly consistent with a total absence of those powers which, if we could choose, most men would wish to possess. For instance, that calm, large, masculine understanding which can grasp a great subject, seize upon its material points, mould it into shape, and draw the inferences which the necessity of the case requires—the royal gift which, in the transaction of all the affairs of life, is beyond all price—is by no means essential to the character of a precursor, and is not found more often in connection with that than with other characters. Of the eminent men mentioned above, Bentham was the only one who can be said to have possessed it; and the most remarkable feature in Bentham's mind was the union of the two powers—the minute, lawyer-like sagacity which can clear up confusion, and the grasp which can not only see, but influence, the tendencies of a generation. As a general rule, it would seem that, in order to be a true precursor, a man must have some of the feminine elements of character in excess. He must be excitable. He must

really care about, and feel his comfort affected by, matters which lie far off from him, and may never happen at all. He is none the less effective for a tendency to exaggeration; and, above all, he must have strong, and may have utterly unreasonable, likes and dislikes. Rousseau was far more of a precursor than Voltaire, and he derived his powers from sources which it is easier to understand than to respect. The stern, manly habit of mind which leads a man to make the best of what cannot be helped, to dream few dreams, and to reckon on nothing unusual—the temper which deliberately says, with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, this is a world in which there is much to be done and little to be known"—is very unfit for a precursor. Yet this is the temper which enables a man to govern the world when it is well governed. It is one of the most striking of the many difficulties and contradictions presented by human life, that the best and wisest men often appear to know less than fools. It is out of the mouth of babes and sucklings that the approach of great changes is most frequently announced. It is by the assistance of weak and credulous people that they are effected.

It does not follow that a man approves of the changes of which he is the herald. On the contrary, as often as not, he views them with dread, and, if he saw them actually accomplished, would feel the most eager indignation against them. It was his keen perception of the tendencies of the age, and his bitter hatred of them, that drove Dr. Newman to Rome. It is curious to speculate on the feelings with which Voltaire would have regarded the Revolution which he did so much to bring about. He was, for all practical purposes, a Tory of the Tories. Nothing would have pleased him better than an absolute king surrounded by institutions full of historical curiosities, and prompted by philosophers to perform judicious experiments on a grateful people. It is difficult to realize the disgust with which he would have regarded the history of a great part of the last seventy years.

The most interesting question which these considerations suggest is, whether there are at present any precursors, and what it is that they forebode? What are the subjects which in the next generation will come up for discussion? The question is at present very harmless, if it is not very interesting. Our pres-

ent state of mind was well expressed the other day by one of those admirable weekly cartoons with which we are supplied by *Punch*. Most of our readers know, better than we can tell them, how the International Derby was won by the good horse British Constitution, ridden by that rather heavy weight National Debt, and how France, Austria, Prussia, Rome, and the United and Confederate States were so completely beaten as not to be worth placing. Universal congratulation and a general chuckle and hand-shaking are very pleasant, and, if they could last indefinitely, would leave little or nothing to be desired. That they should so last is not to be expected, unless, indeed, the world has not only changed its mind, but got a new constitution to live under—a theory which does not seem very probable. It is, however, a singular question where we shall next break out—whence will come the storm which is at present hushed in a repose which, according to all rules, ought to be described as grim. From the nature of the English people, it may be inferred with confidence that it will be either religious or political, or both. Some persons may suppose—and there are many symptoms which at first sight might favor the suggestion—that we are on the brink of a great religious controversy. It may be true—it probably is true—that such a controversy will occur, and that it has already begun; but there is every reason to believe that, whatever may be the importance of the results ultimately produced, the controversy itself will be quiet to the last degree. If the liberal party in the Church of England carried their point to the very utmost, they would produce nothing but general liberty of speculation. They would convert the Church of England into an endowed profession, with formularies, but without a creed, and they would secure the right of the clergy to controvert on the Monday doctrines implied by the prayers which, in the discharge of their official duty, they read in church on the Sunday. If, on the other hand, they are utterly defeated or driven out of the Church, the only result will be the restriction of the

liberty which at present exists. That neither party will get the extreme result at which they aim, may be predicted with great confidence; but it is also clear that their controversy, and how it will—especially if it ends in the modified victory of the party of movement, as such controversies usually do—can hardly excite any great popular feeling. It must go off into a question of criticism, verbal, historical, and scientific, which cannot be condensed into any such short popular issue as is required in order to make a considerable stir in the world. The nation at large will never interest itself passionately in an inquiry whether the fact that the last chapter of Deuteronomy was not written by Moses proves or not that Moses was not the author of the bulk of the Pentateuch.

In the event of the coming struggle, whenever it comes, being a political one, there are not wanting some signs of the direction which it is likely to take. There are indications that the old Socialist doctrines which have played so vigorous a part in France, and which were supposed to have been very effectually laid in what can scarcely be called a metaphorical Red Sea, have changed their skin, and are making considerable progress in certain classes of the population, and under more reasonable forms than they have hitherto worn. Take a mixture of physical science and philanthropic sentiment instead of a religion—associate people in Trades' Unions and Co-operative Stores—adopt Comte's moral and social doctrines, purified from the grotesque absurdities which he chose to affix to them in his later years—and you may make up as respectable an image to bow down to as is usually worshipped by a popular party. Signs that such a process is going on are not wanting. They may come to anything or nothing. At present, they are certainly sufficiently well marked to justify a transient curiosity; but, should they ultimately prove large enough to shelter all the fowls of heaven, they would not make so much difference in the end as one would at first be inclined to suppose. In the meantime, let us cultivate our cabbages.

From The Athenæum.

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By John George Phillimore. Vol. I. (Virtue Brothers & Co).

THE first of the British-born Georges is likely to have justice rendered him at last. If he have not, it will not be for want of inquiry or for lack of sifting evidence. The testimony is conflicting enough, because of its abundance and because the witnesses are many, and a little more like advocates than witnesses. Nevertheless, we shall be able to pronounce a true verdict at last, the bearing of which undoubtedly will be that George the Third was neither so peerless as "the king's friends" would have him to be, nor quite such an ogre as he was painted by his adversaries.

It is strange that we should be so ignorant of late events, and of the actors in them. The fact is, that our sires and grandsires knew nothing of contemporary history except its gossip, and we ourselves, perhaps, think chiefly of George the Third as the good old man with a scmpiternal smile and a large cockade, a dozen and more children, and a wife whose sole personal beauty was in her arms. Under our new lights, this homely George begins to come before us in heroic dimensions, for good or for evil, as interesting as the conqueror himself.

That we require such revelations of the recent past should be a profitable lesson to us in the actual present. Young people should learn the contemporary history in which they live and of which they are a part. Vicksburg is as important as Saguntum; to follow Forey from the coast to Puebla (and learn why he went) is as exciting as accompanying Cortez; and to know something of the history and the sayings and the doings of those who govern and of those who would like to govern us, is, at least, as important for our youth of either sex as to learn the constitution of the Roman legislature.

We have heard objections made to this on the ground that such instruction would lead to partisanship. Why, so it ought, if by partisanship be meant that a young fellow should be able to entertain an opinion of his own, and have spirit to support it. It would breed dissensions among boys, we hear some one say. We hope it would, if by that we are to understand discussions and an obstinate sticking to an opinion till it can be

logically reversed. Partisanship! Dissensions! Do they not exist among the young students of ancient history? We can say, for our own parts, that we have seen furious fights between the respective supporters of Hector and Achilles, and have ourselves bled for the beautiful Helen, of whose cause we have since become ashamed.

We rejoice, therefore, at the development which is being given to modern, that is, to recent history, with the details of which our ancestors of two removes little troubled themselves, or learnt it so blunderingly as to rob it of all charm. The truth is, that the History of England during the reign of George the Third looks, in the books and papers of that period, as heavy as the portrait of that monarch himself, dull as his smile and pert as his cockade. Yet what a reign it was for the rise and the ruin of empires, for bloody battles, for marvellous duellos on the sea, for dazzling oratory, for sweeping changes over the face of the world, for glory, corruption and calamity, in all of which our country had a part, and sometimes a suffering and humiliating part! We all know this much. What we want further to know is,—*why* there came this much; *how* the results were obtained; and *what* were the hidden springs by which these great effects were arrived at. Mr. Phillimore is the new witness who comes to dispel obscurity on many of these points, and who modestly says that he will be content if he be found like the torch-bearer who does not so much enlighten himself as the path of those who follow him.

Mr. Phillimore, it must be understood, does not write his history with rose-water. To stern views he gives strong language. He is a Royalist, and he abhors a king who is not, in his turn, a Royalist too, and a loyalist to boot. He would be ashamed to paint George the Third in any other colors than those which represent him as coarse, illiberal, and—the word must be said, though Mr. Phillimore employs many dainty phrases to express the same terrible thing—a liar! We shall have to look upon George the Third's children as a rude, graceless, ill-nurtured set of boys and girls; and on George the Third's mother as something which cannot be expressed in plain phrase, but which Mr. Phillimore expresses by asking, "Would any court-chaplain venture to say that his mother was spotless?" After this query, it is need-

less to say that the Princess-Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute are constantly together in unseemly propinquity, and that, indeed, the whole Georgian family is seen under very unpleasant aspects.

Mr. Phillimore has not undertaken a disagreeable task without very excellent reasons, and for this smashing of the old idols at St. James's, Carlton House, Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Kew, he pleads his justification in these words:—"Yielding to no one in loyal and dutiful attachment to her majesty, —an attachment founded, not upon the servile notions which her family was placed upon the throne of England expressly to destroy, but on the solid ground of gratitude for the happiness which my country has enjoyed under her mild and constitutional rule, —*I have not hesitated to point out the crimes and errors of her kindred.*"

We confess that it seems at first sight strange that because a lady is supposed to have secured to you a certain amount of happiness, you are therefore to expose her wicked old grandfather, and assure all the world of the worthlessness of her whole kith and kin. Would Mr. Phillimore have refrained from pillorying this family, unclean in his eyes, if their successor had inherited only their vices? Mr. Phillimore, despite some exaggerated and some unquestionably mistaken views, has rendered excellent service to history; but we think he should have left her majesty's name out of the matter altogether. He had better grounds to go upon than those he assigns. It is not because he sits comfortably under the olive-tree with the lady, that he can find just reasons for abusing her kinsman who cut down the oak. Even in the French proverb we are told that if you dine with a man whose father was hanged, you will do well not to make so much as an allusion to a rope.

But, to come more immediately to the volume before us, let us state that all the preliminary pages tend to show that if George the Third was but an indifferent king, he succeeded to a worse than indifferent system, with which he did his best, according to his nature and his training. The preliminary chapters, and those devoted to the history of Ireland and of India, although they travel a little beyond the limits in which an historian might keep himself who professes to write an account of the reign of George

the Third, are admirable for the lucidity in which they place a vast amount of facts, all of which they preserved by rare skill in condensation.

This skill, indeed, is manifest in all parts of the book, and as one sample of it, we give Mr. Phillimore's character-portrait of George the Third himself; if "the wen and the wrinkles" be there, the good points are put "i' the sun" also:

"The object of George the Third was to make his will as absolute in England as that of any German prince was over the boors and servile nobles in his dominions. Everything was to be drawn to his personal favor and inclination: ministers were not to look to the House of Commons, nor the House of Commons to the people—every tie of social affection and public trust was to be dissolved—parties were to be broken up—the great families were to be stripped, not only of the influence derived from the abilities and virtues of their representatives, but of that which property must always command in a free country. Nothing was to stand between the crown and the populace. The Rockinghams, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Saviles, were to be reduced, so far as political authority was concerned, to the condition to which the nobles of Castile had been brought by Ximenes, and the French aristocracy by the third monarch of the house of Bourbon. The smile and favor of the sovereign were in the eighteenth century to be the sole object to which an English gentleman, however ancient his lineage, however great his possessions, however splendid his abilities, however numerous his titles to the love and veneration of his countrymen, should aspire. They were to stand in lieu of all other qualifications: with them Bute, or Sandwich, or Barrington—a minion, a knave, a parasite—were to be omnipotent; without them Pitt, Grenville, Rockingham, Savile—probity, knowledge, station, genius—were to be ciphers. The king was to interfere directly and personally in all the affairs of government, from the highest to the lowest and most minute detail of office—from the choice of a prime minister to the appointment of an architect. Even Louis the Fourteenth, in the height of his power, had been kept somewhat in check by the dread of public opinion, and of the sneers of a keen-eyed and sarcastic race; but in England, where duller men, rolling without respite in the mire of practical life, were hardened against wit and opinion, and looked only to what they could see, and touch, and count,—to the letter of the law, and the distribution of wealth and power,—the sovereign, if he could once emancipate

himself from the control of the aristocracy—I use the word in its widest sense—if he could succeed in reconciling the ends of arbitrary power to the forms of a free constitution, had no such restraint to apprehend. He would have no more to fear from gibes and epigrams than Amurath or Aurungzebe. But let me not be unjust. If George the Third had quite succeeded in this object, England would have had no reason to dread a repetition of the injuries she bore under the Tudors, and did not bear under the Stuarts: men's lives and properties, the honor of their wives and daughters, so far as the monarch was concerned, would have been safe. He would have been able at the end of his reign, like the Jewish prophet, to have called on those whom he had ruled to witness whose ox or whose ass he had taken, or whom he had defrauded—and he would have obeyed the law. He would neither have exacted a hundred pullets from a great lady, as the price of an interview with her husband, like King John; nor have flung members of Parliament into prison for their votes and speeches, like Charles the First; nor have murdered them by bills of attainder, like Henry the Eighth. George the Third would not have imitated the debauchery of Augustus of Saxony, nor have allowed a courtesan to choose his ministers and generals, like Louis the Fifteenth; nor would he have run about the streets of his capital beating respectable women with his cane, like the father of Frederick the Great. The earnings of the laborer and the tradesman would not have been squandered on harlots and men as infamous as harlots, but (and in no very lavish measure) on parasites, hypocrites, and dunces. He would have contented himself with exacting strict and absolute submission to his wishes in Church and State. He would have been satisfied if he could have excluded every glimmering of light from the moral horizon of England; if he could have guarded himself against the danger of admitting to his councils any man of greater abilities than his own; if he could have disposed of every place of importance in the kingdom to a series of beings like Lord Bute and Lord Sidmouth, and have brought this island to be the Goshen of lords of the bed-chamber and maids of honor—a flat, monotonous level of German servitude and repose. If he suffocated all political speculation, he would have promoted agriculture. If to inquire into the nature and destiny of the soul would have been perilous, investigations into irrational matter, into acids and alkalis, and the habits of molluscs, topics in no way likely to cherish any love of independence, would have been secure, and perhaps encouraged. The example he gave

of temperance was to the last hour of his rational life a public blessing. Though, treading in the steps of his race, he was an unkind father, he was a faithful husband. The English pardoned much when they saw the virtues they most appreciate on the throne."

In the portrait of George the Third's mother, on the contrary, there is little of pleasant light at all; the whole figure is in sombre shade. She is described as "a corrupted and dissembling woman, bent on power and greedy of money," and a mother who combined with her son's tutors to exasperate the defects in that son's character:—

"It is evident that George the Third had been early and carefully taught the lesson which had proved fatal to the house of Stuart, and which at one time was on the point of being destructive to himself. Lord Harcourt, his governor, a courtier, but not without a sense of honor, resigned rather than witness what 'he found himself unable to prevent.' When Lord Harcourt was asked by the minister to assign the cause of his resignation, he replied that the reason was 'too delicate to mention to any but the king himself,' clearly pointing out the mother as the cause of the evil that he complained of. That mother, the princess dowager, was, in the opinion of all, high and low, of the best informed contemporary writers, as well as of the populace, before and after her husband's death, the mistress of Lord Bute. To him she sacrificed, if some writers are to be believed, at least one rival. To him she certainly sacrificed her reputation, and, what she valued more, her wealth. In order to strengthen her ascendancy over her eldest son, whom she despised, she excluded him as much as possible from all society, while she carefully instilled into his mind the arbitrary notions which were exemplified in the petty courts of Germany, and which were in speculation the cherished maxims of her paramour. These were the seeds sown, which fell on a most congenial soil, and soon sprang up into a bitter harvest."

Darker still is a family group, with a whole House of Lords in the gloomy background:—

"George the Second, from wise and benevolent motives, had been anxious to see his heir married before his death, and with that view had proposed the hand of a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, a beautiful and highly-accomplished lady, to his grandson. The princess dowager, however, true to her system, and determined that her son should

have no wife but of her choosing, interfered successfully to thwart this project. Lord Waldegrave's remark on this transaction deserves to be quoted, as well from its intrinsic value, and as it shows the notoriety of the relation in which Lord Bute stood to the princess (the cause of so many calamities to this country), as because it has carefully been kept back by the optimists who have undertaken to write the history of this humiliating epoch of English story: for these reasons, notwithstanding the familiar tone in which it is written, it ought to find a place in the text of the narrative. 'Here,' that is, in sending for the Prince of Wales on occasion of the proposed marriage, 'his majesty was guilty of a very capital mistake; instead of sending for the prince he should have spoken firmly to the mother,—told her that as she governed her son she should be answerable for his conduct; that he would overlook what had past and treat her like a friend, if she behaved in a proper manner; but, on the other hand, if either herself, her son, or any person connected with them, should give any future disturbance, she should expect no quarter. He might then have ended his admonition by whispering a word in her ear that would have made her tremble.' Before the ashes of George the Second were cold, two circumstances disclosed the spirit and policy of his successor: one, the favor shown to Lord George Sackville, a strict friend of Lord Bute's, who had dishonored the English name at Minden, and was, at the close of the last reign, in a state of just and complete disgrace; the other, the terms of the speech, and the minister by whom it was prepared. The first act of the king had been to put Lord Bute in the cabinet. The speech was drawn by him without any assistance from the other advisers of the crown, and spoke with a purpose not to be mistaken of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining a just and honorable peace. In this state it was delivered to his colleagues, and it was not till after an argument of three hours with Lord Bute that Mr. Pitt succeeded in changing the words so far as not to cast a direct censure on his policy. Mr. Pitt must have been destitute of all penetration if he had not discovered the spirit and complexion of the new reign. He went to Newcastle, and urged him to make common cause against the favorite. Newcastle impatient to shake off the yoke of Pitt's imposing genius, with his usual baseness and pusillanimous cunning, refused to take this course; and thus George the Third was almost enabled to establish royal power at once on the ruins of English honor and prosperity. Newcastle, indeed, affected a wish to retire from public life; but a few words, of course,

from George the Third, whose schemes—though Newcastle's ultimate removal from office was essential to them—were not yet mature, induced him to remain and to drag his unrespected age through courts and antechambers, till he was finally pushed off the stage by his insolent and successful rival. Much has been said of the expression inserted in the speech, and alluding to the fact that, unlike his father and grandfather, George the Third was born within the precincts of this island. But no notice that I recollect has been taken of the scandalously servile reply—the result, no doubt, of Lord Bute's dictation—made to the speech by the House of Lords. 'What a lustre does it cast upon the name of Briton when you, sir, are pleased to esteem it among your glories.' Strange language for a powerful aristocracy in a free country, still reckoning Howard, Berkeley, Somerset, Neville, Seymour, Cavendish, Stanley among its technically noble; Bagot, Harcourt, Wrottesley, Dering, Shirley, Courtenay among its unennobled members! Stranger still, for the countrymen of Shakspeare and Hampden, of Raleigh, Blake, and Marlborough, of Edward the Third, Elizabeth and Cromwell, to use to an ignorant, dishonest, obstinate, narrow-minded boy, at that very moment the tool of an adulteress and her paramour!"

Mr. Phillimore supports much of what he says against Lord Bute by references to Bubb Doddington's Diary. These references have given us some trouble; and they are certainly, we will not say disingenuously made, but not correctly made. The first one, quoted at page 289, in one paragraph of nine lines, with a single break, thus, . . . forms detached portions of six paragraphs in our edition of the Diary, occupying two pages and a half. There is not much harm done by this proceeding; but we do not know how the case may be with quotations which we are unable to verify at all.

We will add here, that there is too much of a sneering tone throughout the volume, and an epigrammatic smartness without the epigrammatic point, which may be said to mar many a fair precedent. Speaking of the last century, the author says,—“In those days it was usual for a clergyman of the English Church, even if he were a dean or a canon, to believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.” The inference is, that deans and canons entertain no such belief now; and as future deans and canons are among the teachers of our youth, Mr.

Phillimore does not look for better things, we fear, from their hands.

"Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer. We may do well to recollect the passage in which Plutarch describes the Athenian pilots—'They gave great names to their ships—they called them Minerva, Neptune, Apollo—but they were cast away like other men.' Nor, if those entrusted with the education of youth among us (I am making, I know, an extravagant supposition) were more ignorant of the art of writing than they are, and have been, with few exceptions indeed, for the last forty years, would that, in my opinion, at all justify such a tone of exultation, or in any way improve the future prospects of the country. 'I have lost all the blood in my body,' says Dr. Sangrado's dying patient, 'and yet do not feel the better for it.' If, instead of giving up their time to read, and servilely to repeat, what the Germans have written about the classics, they studied the classics themselves—if they read Livy instead of Niebuhr, and Demosthenes instead of Boeckh, if instead of cramming their pupils for examinations, bringing every mind to the same dead, tutor's level, and so in nine cases out of ten stunting the intellectual growth of the unhappy boys forever, they taught them to read Homer and Virgil and Cicero and Euripides as they were read by Milton and Dryden, by Addison and Barrow, and Atterbury and Fox—England might hope to shake off the sleepy drench which, where gain or physical exertion are not concerned, has so long benumbed her faculties. Then, instead of the authors of *Tract Ninty*, and the *History of the British Beetle*, and *Biographies of Fox-hunters and Railway Contractors*, men might arise in England who would recall the days when the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Vision of Mirza*, and the *Idea of a Patriot King*, delighted the readers of Milton and Dryden and Shakspeare, and added splendor to a literature already glorious."

When treating of a bygone literature, and comparing it with the present, Mr. Phillimore advances some singular ideas, not unmingled with much truth. He traces much of the excellence of the old authors to the fact

that their writings were not based on a mere mercantile speculation!—as if "The Vicar of Wakefield" were not written with a view to the money it was to produce and the rent it was to pay. "Our greatest writers," he says, "were beyond the mob"; as if Milton were not more the possession of the middle classes, in all times, than of any other. We do not know why he says, "Cicero, in our days, would have been a baron (not of the exchequer) and Tacitus a baronet;" for it is one of the commonest remarks that to literary men are awarded the smallest measure of honors. One merit the older writers certainly had—sincerity; they affected neither religion, nor modesty, nor decency, if they had it not: but even an affectation of it, in a book which is to go among readers who know nothing of the author, is better than a violation—if we only have the old wit with it. All modern novelists are leather and prunella to Mr. Phillimore, in which he is a little wrong; but Fielding he accounts as "the Rubens of novelists," and in that he is abundantly right—a Rubens without a school.

But when Mr. Phillimore contrasts the Georgian dramatists with the older brethren of the craft, we find him, in one sense, sadly astray. He finds "overflowing wit and command of language" in Etherege, the dullest of commonplace talkers of any of the fraternity. Of Wycherley he makes too little, of Congreve far too much; and he sees in Sheridan an imitator of the latter, where we see a close imitator even of the incidents in Wycherley's comedies, though Sheridan was incessantly praising the wit of Congreve, and even his indecency, protesting that he would rather go without both than have them separated. But Sheridan who studied Wycherley so closely, had very good reasons for drawing popular attention to Congreve. As to "Congreve's wit," it is a cant term in the mouths of many who never read a line of him, and who are none the worse for it. When Congreve was received for a wit, he was not censured for his indecency; but opinions have changed as to what is witty and decent. The preface to one of the wittiest of his comedies, "The Double Dealer," emphatically asserts its cleanliness, but you may read it through without being dazzled by more than a few sparkles, and you cannot read half a page without falling upon allusions that are disgusting.

We do not think so ill of modern English

literature as Mr. Phillimore does; even the men who search after the "British Beetle" and write about it are witnesses to a healthy state of society, agents in promoting useful knowledge, and practical missionaries in developing the glory that resides in the meanest of the works of God.

Nevertheless, we do not mean to say that Queen Charlotte was justified in preferring "Polly Honeycombe" to "The Double Dealer," for the reading of her daughters; though Miss Burney, who read the former aloud to them, was probably charmed with the mission assigned to her by a mistress, who is thus delineated by the unsparing pencil of Mr. Phillimore. The time referred to is before the royal marriage, when

"The king gave a proof of his blind deference to his mother's wishes, which took all men by surprise. While every thought was occupied by the negotiation, the Privy Council was suddenly summoned to hear the king announce his intended marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, which soon afterwards took place. Colonel Grame, a notorious Jacobite agent, had been sent to different states in Germany, to discover among the little states of that enslaved country some princess whose appearance, disposition, and understanding would be to the mother of her future husband a complete guarantee against any dread of the loss of her ascendancy. For this purpose a better choice could hardly have been made. The new queen was chaste; but if to watch over the education of her children and to promote their happiness be any part of a woman's duty, she has little claims to the praises that have been so lavishly bestowed upon her as the model of domestic virtue. Her religion was displayed in the scrupulous observance of the external forms. Repulsive in her aspect, grovelling in her instincts, sordid in her habits; steeped from the cradle in the stupid pride which was the atmosphere of her stolid and most insignificant race; inexorably severe to those who yielded to temptations from which she was protected, not more by her situation and the vigilance of those around her, than by the extreme homeliness of her person; bigoted, avaricious, unamiable to

brutality, she added dulness and gloom even to the English court. The marriage was precipitated to prevent George the Third from again soliciting the hand of a lady of a sweet and generous temper, one of the noblest and most beautiful of his subjects, who, by a lot the reverse of that which attended the royal bride, became the mother of a distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual race—especially illustrious for two highly gifted men, in whose destiny it was, both by the pen and the sword, by the qualities which fit men to lead in war and to rule in peace, by heroic courage and commanding genius, to exalt the fame and extend the dominion of their proud but not very grateful country."

Grateful! What is gratitude? Mr. Phillimore presents the public with this portrait of Queen Charlotte, because of his comfort under the mild constitutional sway of Queen Victoria. It would have been but justice if he had added whatever little there may have been of bright and good in the older queen's character. In a dissolute age, she set a virtuous example, and a similar course reflects the greatest lustre on the crown of her granddaughter, one of a race of whom Mr. Phillimore is pleased to say, that it is the reverse of that of which Lady Sarah Lennox was the mother,—the "reverse of distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual."

Notwithstanding the drawbacks which we have indicated, this volume gives promise of a work which will deserve to be read. If there be a little too much of assertion, there is no want of argument; and if there be exaggeration of expression and sentiment, in an exactly opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Massey—another historian of whom we had occasion to speak recently—there is no suspicion aroused that the censurer is exercising his right in any but an honest spirit. In intention, the book is good; in-execution, very good; unpleasant, perhaps, to the bigots of all parties, but acceptable to every man who may be glad to know what an honest thinker and a rough but able writer has to say about the times of George the Third.

From The Reader.

THE BIBLE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery? By Goldwin Smith. (Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker.)

THIS noble essay is expanded from a lecture which was delivered at the Manchester Athenæum. There is no place in which one would more desire that sound principles respecting American slavery should be unfolded than in Manchester. There is no person whom one should more wish to expound them than an Oxford Professor. But might not the combination have been reasonably dreaded? Would not some recent experience have warranted the apprehension that scholastical sophistries might be used to strengthen and deepen mercantile sophistries: that the selfishness of trade might have been supplied with plausible apologies from the seat of learning and religion? Thank God! such fears have been altogether confuted in this instance. Mr. Goldwin Smith has put forth no scholastical sophistries; he has turned a manly, graceful, unpedantic scholarship to its true service—that of exposing delusions, of vindicating freedom and truth. That his essay is written in pure masterly English need not be said. That it shows tenfold more acquaintance with Scripture in its letter and its spirit, a far more reverent appreciation of the Old as well as the New Testament, than the writings of professed divines, learned and popular—that it exhibits a political wisdom very rare in the speeches of distinguished statesmen—ought to be said. Into the space of a few pages, which may be easily read through in half an hour, the reader will find thoughts and information compressed which may confirm the convictions and scatter the fallacies that have been growing in him for years. He may have to part with some favorite notions, which are current in South Carolina, and which the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* have adapted to the English market. It may a little compensate this loss that he will receive fresh light on the history of nations, a defence of the Bible from the heaviest charge that has ever been brought against it, fresh proofs that good has triumphed over evil, fresh encouragements to believe that it will.

The opening of the essay is a specimen of the style in which it is written:—

“When a New World was peopled, strange

things were sure to be seen. And strange things are seen in America. By the side of the Great Salt Lake is a community basing itself upon polygamy. In the Southern States is a community basing itself upon slavery. Each of these communities confidently appeals to the Bible as its sanction; and each of them, in virtue of that warrant, declares its peculiar institution to be universal and divine. The plea of the slave-owner is accepted. Perhaps, if the Mormonite were equally an object of political interest to a large party, his plea might be accepted also.

“It is important in more ways than one to determine whether the slave-owner's plea is true. The character of the Bible is threatened; and so is the character of the English law and nation. The *Times* says that slavery is only wrong as luxury is wrong, and that the Bible enjoins the slave at the present day to return to his master. If so, the law of England, which takes away the slave from his master directly his feet touch English soil, is a robber's law. If so, the great Act of Emancipation, of which we speak so proudly, was a robber's act; for, though a partial compensation for their loss was granted to the West Indian slave-owners, they were forced to give up their slaves notoriously against their will.”

The *argumentum ad hominem*, “You defend slavery as a divine institution; are you ready to defend polygamy?” might be used by many writers to throw discredit upon the Hebrew institutions generally. Mr. Goldwin Smith appeals to it for a directly opposite purpose. He recognizes in the tolerance of slavery, of polygamy, and of many other institutions, the sign of a Divine Teacher who was educating his creatures to a knowledge of what was good for them, not “putting human society at once in a state of perfection without further effort, political, social, or intellectual, on the part of man.” The Mosaic “code of laws takes the rude institutions of a primitive nation, including slavery, as they stand, not changing society by miracle, which, as has been said before, seems to have been no part of the purposes of God. But, while it takes these institutions as they stand, it does not perpetuate them, but reforms them, mitigates them, and lays on them restrictions tending to their gradual abolition. Much less does it introduce any barbarous institution or custom for the first time” (pp. 5 and 6).

The author illustrates this doctrine by the cases of the Avenger of Blood, the Cities of

Refuge, the authority of the Parents in putting their Children to death, of Polygamy, of Wars, of the Power of the Monarch, of the Order of Priests, before he comes to the case of slavery. In every one of these instances he compares the provisions of the Hebrew code with those of other ancient nations in a far more advanced stage of civilization, and shows how consistently it accepted contemporaneous forms of society, how consistently it provided remedies against their abuses and abominations, how it prepared the way for a nobler and freer life.

After this careful and vigorous induction the author advances with cruel deliberation and calmness to a comparison of the maxims of Moses, the lawgiver of the Jews some fifteen centuries before the Christian era, with those of Judge Ruffin of North Carolina in the nineteenth century after it. He does not enter upon this contrast till he has spoken of the patriarchal times, noticing, by the way, that famous piece of religious ethnology, the argument from the Curse on Canaan. Condescension is a great quality, and no fallacies are too old for refutation: but we should scarcely have forgiven Mr. Smith for wasting precious time on this one if these golden sentences had not convinced us that he was right. They kill many foes at once.

"To all arguments of this kind there is, in the first place, a very simple answer, which has already been given, in effect, to those who thought it their duty as Christians to fulfil inspired prophecy by denying civil rights to the Jews. Man is not charged with the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, which, whatever he may do, will certainly fulfil itself; but he is charged with the performance of his duty to his neighbor. It is not incumbent upon him to preserve Divine Foreknowledge from disappointment; but it is incumbent upon him to preserve his own soul from injustice, cruelty, and lust. If the prophecy had meant that the negroes should always be slaves, it would have been defeated already; for a great part of the negroes in Africa have never become slaves, and those in the English and French colonies, besides a good many in America itself, have ceased to be so."

We wish our space allowed us to quote an exquisitely beautiful passage on the relations of Abraham with his servant. We must give the conclusion of the argument from the early history:—

"So much respecting the nature of bondage in the patriarchal state. It seems to bear little resemblance to the condition of the gangs of negro chattels who are driven out under the lash of an overseer to plant cotton in America, and who are slaves to the tyrannical cruelty and lust of the white members of their owner's family, as well as to the avarice of their owner. When we find a negro standing in the same relation to his master, and to his master's son, in which Eliezer stood to Abraham and Isaac, and when we find in negro slavery the other characteristics of bondage as it existed in the tents of Abraham and his descendants, we may begin to think that the term 'Patriarchal' is true as applied to the slavery of Virginia and Carolina."

We can indulge ourselves only in one extract from the Third Section, the most elaborate and complete part of the essay:—

"In one thing, however, the American slave-owner and the Hebrew lawgiver are agreed. Both think, and with good reason, that slavery and free labor cannot well exist together. The Hebrew lawgiver therefore takes measures to diminish slavery in his country. The American slave-owner proposes to put an end to the freedom of labor all over the world.

"There is one thing more to be mentioned. Decisive experience has shown that slavery cannot hold its ground without a Fugitive Slave Law. Now the law of Moses says, 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.' Southern theologians try to get rid of the apparent immorality of this passage by maintaining that it relates only to slaves who have fled from a foreign country. It is difficult to see any ground for this gloss, more especially as even in heathen Greece the right of asylum in certain temples was allowed, alone of religious privileges, to the slave. But suppose it were so, the law would in effect enjoin the Hebrews to risk a quarrel, and perhaps a war, with a foreign country rather than give up fugitive slaves—a singular mode of impressing the sanctity and beneficence of slavery on their minds."

The Fourth Section, on the New Testament, though very admirable, is not quite so satisfactory to us as those which have preceded it. Mr. Goldwin Smith has understated his case in respect to St. Paul. But the argument from the Epistle to Philemon is beautifully put.

This article is a long one for so short a book. It is far too short to convey our impression of the value of the book. A *concio ad populum* by an accomplished scholar free from the slightest exaggeration, the slightest appeal to vulgar feelings, deserves all the honor that can be given it. Those of us who have sometimes spoken harshly of the writer for what have seemed his harsh judgments of other men, must be eager to make him amends by confessing what this essay has

taught them, what impulses to good they have received from it. Those of us who have longed for some clear statement of their own profoundest and most earnest convictions respecting slavery, unmixed with any Northern partialities, and for a vindication of the Bible, such as no mere controversialist has made, or is ever likely to make, will thank the Professor of Modern History of Oxford for giving us both at once. F. D. M.

THE PRINCE OF WALES having expressed a wish to be present at the Eton Speeches, and the 4th of June having fallen this year on the Ascot Cup day, the delivery of the speeches was postponed to the next day. Accordingly, yesterday week was held as the gala day of Henry the Sixth's College. The Prince and Princess of Wales reached the Quadrangle at 12 o'clock, which, long before that hour, was completely filled with distinguished visitors, just as the dense, heavy rain was pouring down in torrents. Again and again the old walls rang with the cheers of the young Etonians—some of them, perhaps, the prince's future ministers, statesmen, and warriors. The opening speech, a poetical address in the heroic couplet, composed by Lord Francis Hervey, son of the Marquis of Bristol, in honor of the visit of their royal highnesses, was delivered in admirable style by the young author. Other recitations followed, according to custom; and, at the close of the programme, the prince and princess visited the College Chapel; after which they and the other guests were entertained by the provost, Dr. Goodford, at his residence. We observe, by the by, that Lord Francis Hervey's address, from which the newspapers gave extracts, has been published entire in the first number of a new Eton-School Magazine just published under the name of *Etonensia*. The number contains, besides, a few short prize essays and poetical pieces by the young hopes of Eton—the most interesting article, perhaps, being a brief essay on Arthur Hallam, dear to Eton as an old Etonian, and as a contributor, in his Eton days, to a former school magazine called *The Eton Miscellany*. Most of the pieces show at least a very nice feeling; but we should not have expected from a young Etonian, even in fun, such a cockney rhyme as the following, which appears in one of the poetical pieces:—

"Oh, aid us, kind muse, to a stanza,
Since without thee 'tis vain to aspire;
To the public we'll state what our plans are,
And request them to buy and admire."

We hope Dr. Goodford will ruthlessly root out, in Eton, that style of pronouncing English which

could tolerate, even in comic license, a rhyme like *stanza* and *plans are*. In Eton, if anywhere in England, the sacredness of the sound *R* should be respected.

THE *Paper Trade Review*, speaking of Egyptian papyrus, suggests that the method of preparing the paper was by separating the succulent stem of the plant into its concentric layers, as many as twenty being got from a single stem. When separated, these were probably spread out flat, and subjected to some pressure, then exposed to the action of the sun's rays, and, last of all, brought to a hard and even surface, by rubbing with a smooth shell, or piece of ivory. The single sheets, so to speak, of paper obtained in this way, were sure to be limited in size. On an average they might be eighteen inches long, and six inches in breadth; but they could be gummed together piece by piece when required, until large sheets were formed, on which important and voluminous records could be engrossed. The largest sheet of this kind in this country is in the British Museum, measuring some eight or nine feet long, and one foot wide. The quantity of these sheets produced must have been very considerable. The trade became a lucrative one; and at Rome the consumption of papyrus was very great, with a supply seldom equal to the demand.

POSTAGE-STAMPS were, according to the *Moniteur*, in use as early as two hundred years ago. This paper quotes a postal regulation of 1653, according to which letters bearing the inscription *Post paye* shall be carried free of expense from one end of the town to the other, and announcing that franking stamps are to be had at certain places, at a sou a piece, etc.

THE death of Edward Vogel, the African traveller, has been, we hear, confirmed by evidence which places it beyond a doubt.

From The Spectator.

THE GERMAN PRESS IN AMERICA.

THE German element has of late played a rather conspicuous part in North American politics, and its influence greatly contributed to the success of the Republican party in the election which raised Lincoln to the Presidency. The Germans themselves reckon their number in the United States at five millions at least, whilst native Americans want to reduce it to two or three millions. The difference might be easily accounted for, since the former claim as their own all children born of Teutonic parents, whilst the latter regard only those as true "Dutchmen" who were actually born in Germany, and have immigrated at a later period in life. However that may be, it cannot be denied that their weight in the political scale begins to be duly felt, and they hardly fight for the Union both in public meetings and on the field of battle, both with the pen and the sword. It is asserted that over one hundred thousand men of that nationality have enlisted in the Republican armies, and if just now the reported flight of the corps of Schurz and Steinwehr at Chancellorsville has brought them into unreasonable disrepute, it ought not to be forgotten that on several occasions they have borne the brunt of the day under their favorite leader, General Sigel, who, unhappily for himself and his countrymen, was induced to resign his command several weeks ago. We are, in consequence, entitled to expect that the Germans, who are generally endowed with many military qualities, as is sufficiently testified by the eagerness of potentates to enlist them in their service, will soon redeem their character. At all events, it appears preposterous and cruel to treat as mercenary hirelings thousands of men who zealously rushed to arms in the defence of their adopted country and the loftiest principles of freedom.

In former times, the German settlers in America, chiefly drawn from the sober, industrious peasantry which dwell on the slopes of the Black Forest, and on the pleasant borders of the Rhine and the Maine, had no other anxiety but to pursue their tillage in peace, free from the Government shackles which weighed so heavily on their shoulders in their native land. Ease, and even affluence, were the price of untiring labor and strict economy, and they often became rich, either as saving tradesmen in the large cities

on the Eastern shores, or as hardy pioneers in the primeval forests of the far West. The unlucky insurrections of the year 1848 brought men of higher aspirations and of a more intellectual stamp among them; and these radicals proved a powerful leaven in the hitherto sluggish population. They started newspapers containing matters somewhat more momentous than idle local gossip, and continued on the other side of the Atlantic the great discussions of philosophical and economical principles which had brought them to grief under the petty despotisms of the Old World. They wanted, above all, to form a German party, which, by throwing its numbers and influence either on the right or the left, might turn the scales in the political strife for supremacy. They did not succeed at first, the German colonists remaining callous to their passionate appeals, and preferring to walk in the wake of some recognized American faction. But the blind and vehement opposition of the Know-nothings, their violent vindication of the exalted and exclusive rights of nativism, estranged the Germans from the Democrats, and threw them, often against their will, into the arms of the Republican party. It may now be safely asserted that these three millions of immigrants are all Unionists, however fairly their sympathies may still be divided among the old Democrats and their successful antagonists.

The German press in America has espoused the cause of the Union and of freedom with an ardor and a vehemence to which even natural-born Americans are strangers. Bred in a far-off country, which was never convulsed by the bloody strife between slaveholders and abolitionists, and in which the fancied necessities of forced labor have forever been unknown, free editors, crammed with the logical principles of Kant and Hegel, devoted to the faith of "Humanism," feel no difficulty in declaring war to the knife against the Southern "institution." Their influence is not to be despised, for if daily, weekly, and periodical publications are all taken into account, the number of German newspapers reaches close to two hundred. Every party, every shade, every school is represented here, from the Roman Catholic lucubrations of Father Oertel to the materialist declamations of Carl Heinzen.

The most wide-spread, and, therefore, most influential journal is the *Staats Zeitung* of New York, the property of the "widow"

Uhle. This "old Democratic gossip," as numerous adversaries condescend to call it, has often changed editors, and, as usual in successful papers, follows rather than directs public opinion. Still, it has strongly declared in favor of the Union, and as it has found great favor with thriving shopkeepers and sturdy farmers, we may take it as a symptom that the large middle class among the German settlers are unfavorable to the dis-severing pretensions of the South. Two other daily periodicals published in the Empire City deserve to be mentioned—the *Abend Zeitung* and the *Criminal Zeitung*. The former hoists the Republican flag and pronounces in favor of speedy abolition; the second had for many years a communistic tint, and, though socialist to an extreme, never discovered in slavery anything higher than an "economical" question. It may be startling, but it is by no means strange, to discover that the men who, in Europe, affected to give to the right to labor the precedence over political liberty, concerned themselves in the American negroes only so far as their presence might influence the position of free workmen.

The West of the United States possessed, until very lately, an influential and well written paper, the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published by M. (now Colonel) Börnstein, a political refugee, and M. Charles Bernays, once American Consul in Switzerland. This journal was so successful, and had enlisted among its staff so many correspondents of the highest standing (among others, Dr. Ruge, from Brighton), that the editors once offered a high price for the best German novel written in America. The competition was exciting and lively, and the prize was awarded by competent judges to M. Douai, the former editor of the *San-Antonia Zeitung*, whom the slaveholders had driven from Texas, and who is at present a contributor to one of the New York papers. The Americans were secretly somewhat startled to hear that the *Anzeiger* had ceased to appear, in spite of its financial prosperity; having formerly been a Democrat, and converted by the war to the Republican creed, it seems that M. Börnstein found insuperable difficulties in maintaining his moral ground, and preferred to interrupt his journalistic labor. Another paper, the *Westliche Post*, started at St. Louis several years ago, as an opposition publication, has now entirely replaced its antagonist; it is of the true abolition hue, and carries the numerous Germans who inhabit the State of Missouri into the ultra Republican camp.

Among the widely-circulated papers, we have to notice the *Chicago Staats Zeitung*, a Unionist journal, founded by Brentano, the former dictator of Baden. Most of the other

periodicals owe their influence merely to the private character and talent of the chief editor, and are altogether to be looked upon as private enterprises. Every political scheme, every philosophical opinion, be it the wildest fancy or the most absurd day-dream, finds its enthusiastic exponents in that numerous class; but the great, unfailing characteristic is the combativeness of the writers. True to their European habit, the Germans in America prefer making war against one another to a combined assault against the common enemy, and in this ungrateful struggle they evince a bitterness and a power of coarse invective worthy of a better or a worse cause. Foremost, and almost alone on his unenviable pinnacle, stands M. Heinzen, of the Boston *Pioneer*, the most radical, unsparing, indiscreet, and violent, but also the most deeply convinced of all German editors. He is wanting neither in cleverness nor conceitedness, and has, indeed, often brought his unwilling countrymen over to his ideas. In one of its recent issues, an English paper, the *Missouri Republican*, thus speaks of him:—

"When, a year or more ago, we took occasion to point out to the leaders of the radical German press that their course inevitably led to lashing them to the chariot wheel of the great Bugaboo, Carl Heinzen, at Boston, the self-proclaimed Danton of the prospected revolution *in spe*, there was quite an effort made to make us appear ridiculous. Carl Heinzen did us the justice to copy our article *verbatim* in his *Pioneer*, and broadly hinted that we were about right in our estimate of the modern *lansquenets* of revolutionary young Germany; for, by some such name, he chose to stigmatize his compatriots, not deeming them worthy of a better title, though of some infinitely more degrading.

"And what do we behold? Day after day, step by step, ever uncompromisingly and relentlessly did Heinzen proceed; now fulminating, then hectoring the world generally, and his countrymen in America in particular, but never failing to treat with unspeakable contempt his fellow-countrymen of the young German press for their servility, their want of candor, of logic, tact, and foresight. He was treated as a madman at times; again he was drawn into ridicule and contempt. Sometimes even a green specimen of late importation entered the lists with him in the field of "inexorable logic," to be crushed; but all in vain."

In fact, there has been erected in America a new stage for German literature but we feel bound to confess that the products are neither of the highest nor the purest kind, and that the performers are in nowise remarkable for the Atticism of their wit or the amiability of their temper.

From The Saturday Review.

STAHR'S LIFE OF LESSING.*

GERMAN authors seem gradually awakening to the fact of the brevity of life, and to the corresponding necessity of brevity in their monographs. They begin to perceive that, in order to find readers, a writer must be tolerably short and moderately readable; and that the public is more frequently propitious to the successful digester than to the patient accumulator of materials. There is scarcely a fact in Mr. Lewes' *Life of Goethe* which had not been previously mentioned in Viehoff's laborious work on the same subject; but even to German readers Mr. Lewes has made himself Goethe's biographer *par excellence*. A similar fate might have befallen the *Life of Lessing*, had a foreign author of reputation, till very recently, chosen to avail himself of the copious materials extant in the learned work of Guhrauer; but M. Adolf Stahr determined that a popular life of a writer who was the very incarnation of the German mind should at all events be attempted by one of his grateful compatriots.

M. Stahr is one of the most prolific, and also one of the most entertaining, of living German writers. He is deeply enough read to satisfy the claims of his own nationality, but he has at the same time the vivacity of a Frenchman and the independent feelings of an Englishman. He appears to be one of those happily-constituted mortals who are at home everywhere. He has worshipped in the museums of Rome and Florence, and conversed at his ease in Paris salons; he has Aristotle under his pillow and Longinus at his fingers' ends; he is *au fait* with the secret springs of Goethe's amours and the secret meaning of the Music of the Future; he commands the political situation in Germany and in the rest of Europe, and has encompassed and traversed the entire field of ethics, ancient and modern. He is a greater polyhistor than was Lessing himself; and his criticisms attempt as free and bold a range as those of the subject of this biography. That such a writer should but rarely be dull, is no matter for wonder; and it is perhaps equally natural that we should often miss in him the sobriety and moderation which becomes, a critic of the arch-critic. Constant allusions to the present

are as wearisome to the reader as the author appears to think them incumbent upon himself. The reader should be now and then permitted to draw his own lessons, without having it flung in his teeth that he is a child of the degraded and materialistic nineteenth century. Moreover, a subject like the life of Lessing claims an almost historic dignity of treatment, and that "pitch of style" which the late Dr. Arnold judged requisite in the composition of history. Not that M. Stahr was without the best of intentions to impart such a dignity to his book. The second edition is ushered in by a most sonorous blast of trumpets, consisting in the eulogies of certain critics, quoted with modest pride by the not unconscious author. The book is described as "a lamp to lighten the darkness around;" as "the free confession of a free man amongst hindering and even threatening circumstances; a breath of air and a ray of light amidst the smoke of a gloomy mysticism, a Byzantine hierarchy, a *blasé* romanticism, which had intruded themselves into the ancient home of the healthiest, clearest, and manliest of German minds;" and a prophecy is added that "it will last, this book, it will work, and in numberless unseen pipes pour forth its pure contents through the world." Being translated, these very brave words signify that, in praising Lessing, M. Stahr meant to tread on the corns of those who yet survive as the relics of the systems which Lessing overthrew.

If, however, the reader will consent to overlook, or to estimate at its proper value, the occasionally almost oppressive grandeur of M. Stahr's commentative oratory, he will find in this biography a very faithful picture, drawn by a most skilful hand, of an intellectual life matchless for its vigor and truthfulness. Lessing was restless, in the sense in which the pilgrim, ever pressing onward to a goal it will never be given him to attain, is restless. Those who complain of a want of unity in his manifold expeditions on various fields but ill understand the unity of the true critic's life. Lessing was anything but a mere negative and destructive critic. Every literary advance which he made formed a link in that *synthesis* which, in a short life, he was able with unusual completeness to establish. In judging of works in the field of any art, it was his constant aim to establish the rules and the limits of that art. From a purification of the literary stables of Germany, he

* G. E. Lessing. *Sein Leben und seine Werke*. Von Adolf Stahr. 2 Bände. 2te Ausgabe. Berlin: 1862.

rose to distinct theories by which to determine the adherence to, or aberration from, fixed rules in the case of the French and English schools. In his *Litteraturbriefe*, he showed how Shakespeare and the English dramatists differ from the Greeks as species differ from species, but how the French are as far from them as the perversion is from the original, and the false from the true. To the English poets of Pope's time, and their host of imitators in the German didactic poets, he had already assigned their true limits, excluding them from the Poetic Art. In his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*, he more fully and specially exposed the radical vices of the French tragedians, and defeated Voltaire, and his gods and worshippers, with their own weapon—the appliance of the rule of Aristotle. Yet he was not slow to perceive the likelihood of an aberration in a contrary direction, and to warn young Germany against that defiance of all rules and laws which became the motto of their *Sturm* and *Drang* period, and of a more recent French school. But to the Poetic Art itself, in contradiction to the Plastic, he fixed limits, in his *Laocoon*, which Winckelmann himself, the greatest of German archaeologists, had failed or refused to recognize. From *Æsthetics* his genius took a loftier flight to Ethics, and after a long series of polemical encounters (some negative in their origin, but all constructive in their aim), arrived at its consummation in those speculations on the development of mankind, and the place belonging in it to revealed religion, which opened to him, in his own words, “an infinite view into a distance neither wholly hidden from his eyes nor wholly discovered to them by the soft gleam of sunset.” His various polemical encounters were conducted, if not always with moderation (as in the case of Klotz), yet with a steady view to the goal which would be approached by the removal of the obstructions against which he revolted. Thus Lessing well deserves the name of a second Luther, not only for his fearlessness in overthrowing abuses, but because he did it for the sake of the truth whose countenance they hid from the sight of man. In either case, the vehemence of such struggles is to us rather melancholy than delightful, when we reflect on the hard fate of those who fight, not for fighting's sake, but to be enabled to pursue the path for whose end they are yearning.

A peculiar bitterness characterizes Lessing's unceasing attacks on Voltaire. It must be admitted that Voltaire suffered but little from them during his lifetime, and that his reputation as an originator bids fair to last as long in France as his fame as a destroyer; for in that country, even more than elsewhere, success and vanity form almost impregnable entrenchments. To this, probably, much of the bitterness of Lessing's animosity may be ascribed; but M. Stahr supplies another key, which may be taken for what it is worth. Lessing, it appears, had a personal opportunity of becoming acquainted with the meanness and injustice of “Voltaire, Chambellan du Roi,” through certain more than questionable money transactions of the latter, which involved him in a disgraceful lawsuit, out of which he only escaped by an equally disgraceful compromise. His royal patron and disciple founded on these transactions a comedy, entitled *Tantale en Procès*, and mercilessly satirizing the avaricious philosopher. Moreover, Lessing indiscreetly procured the MS. of Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, before publication, from the author's secretary, and by accident took it away with him from Berlin. The wrath of the philosopher, who declared himself robbed, was tremendous. The secretary was dismissed, and an interchange of disagreeable letters in French and Latin passed between Voltaire and Lessing. Lessing's letter has been lost, but he said “it was not one Voltaire was likely to stick in his window. The Frenchman's letter certainly repeats the accusation of theft against the secretary, but is otherwise flattering to Lessing. M. Stahr seems to us to attach too much importance to the affair, which only proves what every one knew before—that the temper of Voltaire was vinegar itself.

The biographer—who, on a previous occasion, has started the theory that Goethe was a democrat at heart, and saw through the hollowness of courts and princes—is very anxious to prove Lessing a member, by anticipation, of the democratic party in Germany. He is candid enough to admit that his hero, except by occasional remarks, never mixed in the politics of the day, but consoles himself by observing that the reason of this was certainly not “that he lacked inclination or capacity for a literary activity of the sort.” The capacity all will admit, but of the in-

clination there is an utter want of evidence. Of the occasional remarks in question M. Stahr is not slow to make the most. Even a very common-place poetical panegyric on Frederic II., contributed by Lessing in his youth as a feuilletonist to a Berlin paper, is forced into the argument. The poet says that "it would be a happiness to the king, were his people already worthy of him," which is interpreted to mean, "in other words, if it could do without even so intelligent (*erleuchtet*) a despotism." M. Stahr has also discovered a passage in which Lessing advocates the unity of Germany, though merely for the object of free trade between the States. It would have been well to omit all fruitless speculation as to what Lessing "would have done" had he lived in the times of "the great struggle against absolutism," and to confess at once, as the author afterwards does, that Lessing's radicalism was only "theoretic." The biographer perceives Schiller's motto, *In tyrannos*, visible, though unwritten, on the brow of *Minna Von Barnhelm*; and quotes more direct evidence from the fragmentary dramas, *Spartacus* and *Henzi*, the hero of the latter of which is said to be none other than Lessing himself. Had Lessing felt it to be part of his mission to be a political reformer, he was not the man to give any but a full and complete expression to the passionate longings within him. But he had to fight other battles, and with other foes. The work of his life was to conquer liberty of thought—"the one true lesson," in the words of a modern historian, "worth learning from the Reformation," and the one lesson Lessing had learnt from the history of his country.

We had intended to make a few observations on Lessing's plays, whose poetical merits M. Stahr appears to us much to overrate. It is known that he himself wished them excluded from representation on the national stage he was working for; and it is evident that he wrote them, so to speak, more from a sense of duty, as practical examples, than from the instincts of creative genius. It has been remarked that his own inclinations lay rather towards the epos than to the drama—a tendency (barren except of one small but perfect fruit), which, it may be remembered, for a long time hampered Goethe's productive power.

The private life of Lessing, like that of

Spinoza (to whom M. Stahr compares him on more than one occasion), was one of singular and unblemished purity, and furnishes another proof of the certain, but not very profound truth, that freedom of speculation is not, as some have ever been found to hold, the beginning of immorality. His biographer observes (we hope we are not uncharitable in suspecting that we detect in the observation the faintest possible tinge of regret) that—

"Lessing is the only one among the heroes of our classical literature, in whose heart, love, full and great, found no entrance till the maturity of manhood. He was forty years old when he met, in Eva König, the wife of his heart, and the story of his life up to that time knows of no passion in any way proved by evidence."

M. Stahr, however, insists on the truth of the rumor that Lessing, as early as his nineteenth year, entertained a passing passion for the actress Lorenz, and proceeds to make the most of it. He has also discovered, even against his own judgment, possible evidence, in a poem of eight lines, that his hero was guilty of a "transitory error." His marriage, long delayed by money difficulties, took place in October, 1776, and ere sixteen months had passed, he was a broken-hearted widower, his beloved Eva having followed their first infant to the grave. "My wife is dead," he wrote, "and this experience, too, I have made. I am glad that there cannot be many such experiences remaining for me to make." His studies were now to him, to use his own expression, "*laudanum*;" and with a weary heart he bore the burden of the remaining three years of his existence. Yet to those three years we owe *Nathan* and his *Education of the Human Race*. Such was the domestic life of this great man—one year of happiness, and all the other years full of hope deferred, and of other trials for his own family was a source of anything but comfort to him. His public life may be simply described as a struggle for bare existence. He began it as little better than a literary hack; and ended it as the underpaid librarian at Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. The Elector Palatine generously promised him an annual pension for which he received devoted thanks, but of which his memory was never retentive enough to cause the payment of a single louis d'or. Such was the situation of the "theoretic re-

publicans," the great German men of letters of Lessing's time. Klopstock lived on the pension of a foreign sovereign. Wieland was a ducal tutor, "probably more to the prince's advantage than his own," as Lessing wrote to him; and the latter was starved by the bounty of two other native Mæcenases. He died so poor that Duke Ferdinand was obliged to have him buried at the public expense; but his munificence did not extend to the raising of a tombstone.

The late Mr. De Quincey has compared the influence of Lessing on his contemporaries in Germany to that of Dr. Johnson on English literature. The comparison has very little point in it; but it would have been well for Lessing if, in a material sense, literature had been honored in him as it was in the person of the doctor. Posterity, with the

exception of the German princes (against whom M. Stahr has a parting fling for their refusal to contribute to Lessing's monument) has been more grateful, and, whether it hails him as the genius of Revolution, with Gervinus, or of Evolution, with M. Stahr willingly subscribes to the eloquent summing-up by the latter of his efforts in the search of truth:—

"The reformer of our national poetry and literature, the creator of our prose, the founder of our stage, the legislator of our critical and æsthetical systems, superior in all their fields to all his contemporaries becomes the reformer of German philosophy and theology, the continuer of the great work begun by Luther, the founder of the historic view of religion, the great apostle of all true progress towards light in his century."

IN Mr. Bentley's edition of "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," edited by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, there are some very important and interesting additions to the American text, one a thoroughly Washington-Irvingish description of his "cottage and his neices" on the banks of the Hudson, and its "roses and ivy from Melrose Abbey." It was written in February, 1846, during a short visit to Harley street—a welcome holiday snatched from his duties as American minister at Madrid, after he had tendered his resignation—to Mrs. Dawson, who was the Flora Foster of Flitwick, and whose sister, Emily Foster, now Mrs. Fuller, for whom he entertained at one time a warm attachment, furnishes to this volume seventy-nine pages of letters to herself, a diary, and recollections of friendly intercourse with Washington Irving.

MESSRS. BOSWORTH AND HARRISON have just issued "The Book of Common Prayer," etc., newly arranged in the order in which it is appointed to be used, printed by the queen's printer, in 32mo., containing all the services, with the Rubrics, without omission or addition. In this edition the several parts of each service are printed in the order in which they are appointed to be used, by means of which a child or any person unfamiliar with the Prayer Book may readily find the places throughout the services.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. announce an English dictionary, founded on Dr. Johnson's. The edition of 1773, the last edited by the author, is to form the substratum; Todd's additions are to be used; and all words of recent introduction,

whether once obsolete or newly formed, are to find a place. It is to be published in quarto, in parts, the first to appear in the autumn.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE have in the press Mr. R. C. Carrington's "Observations of the Solar Spots," made at Redhill Observatory from 1853 to 1861; also, Dr. Cureton's "Ancient Syriac Documents relative to the Earliest Establishment of Christianity at Edessa," from the year after the Ascension to the fourth century.

A MAP of Africa, to illustrate the discovery of the sources of the Nile by Captains Speke and Grant, and showing the route of these explorers, as well as the routes of other recent African travellers, has just been published by Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross, Geographer to the Queen.

DR. AUGUST KNOBEL, well-known for his many and zealous labors in the field of biblical literature, more especially his commentaries and historical investigations on the Old Testament, died a few days ago, at the age of fifty-seven, at Giessen.

ENCORES.—The New York Philharmonic Society prints upon its programmes the following judicious rule upon this subject—"Encores cannot be permitted, as the programmes of the concerts are made out with reference to the time occupied by the various pieces, beyond which it does not seem desirable to extend the duration of the performance."—Reader.

From The Reader.

DR. CONOLLY ON HAMLET.

A Study of Hamlet. By John Conolly, M.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. (Moxon).

A STUDY of Shakspeare's "Hamlet" by so great a medical authority in lunacy as Dr. Conolly is a literary curiosity, sure to attract attention. And this little volume deserves the attention which it is sure to attract. It is extremely well-written—better, even as a piece of literary criticism and exposition, than many of the commentaries on Shakspeare that have come from the pens of professedly literary men. A vein of gentleness, of tenderness, of sweet and sympathetic interest in all the human affections, pervades it, which may be unexpected in such a veteran of peculiar experience as Dr. Conolly, but which cannot fail to cause a real liking and respect for him, and an increased sense also of the patient kindness, as well as of the wisdom, into which such arduous medical experience as his may have educated many of his profession. No youth, no lady, could have written with more of gentle feeling, of soothing and benevolent manner in contemplating any ideal instance of bruised humanity, than is shown by this veteran writer, much of whose life has been passed amid spectacles of bruised humanity so various and so terrible that one might think, judging hastily and wrongly, that the edge of his natural tenderness must have been blunted long ago. The amount and the quality of literary culture shown in the book are also more than common; the style is clear, sweet, and flowing; and the taste in matters of poetry true and good. Passages might be quoted of shrewd exposition, and of really useful remark on the present state of dramatic criticism, and of our theatrical representations of Shakspeare's plays.

Dr. Conolly's main purpose, however, is to combat the idea that Hamlet's madness was—as many of the commentators have argued, and as most actors who have hitherto performed the part have assumed in their representations of it—only a feigned madness, and to show that Shakspeare's real notion was to represent in Hamlet a peculiar and medically-known kind of actual insanity, and that, in carrying out this notion, he has succeeded wonderfully. This theory he endeavors to make out by a detailed examination of the

play, act by act. In the greater part of this examination he proceeds as any careful non-medical critic might have done—showing that, though there are various passages in the drama which seem to assert distinctly that Hamlet is only feigning madness, and though in the course of his conduct he must be supposed as now and then putting on a form of madness not his own, yet, on all principles of human nature and dramatic consistency, the theory of feigned madness throughout becomes untenable and repulsive, and must give way to a theory of a real madness, or unhooking of the mind, partly constitutional and partly brought about by sudden circumstance, and one of the characteristic peculiarities of which is that it plays with the very idea of madness. Throughout the greater part of this exposition, we say, Dr. Conolly reasons very much as any merely literary critic might have done; and one is rather disappointed at not having more exact reminiscences of asylums and of actual cases of insanity of alleged Hamlet type adduced in corroboration. One can see, however, that, underneath the text, is a fund of such recollections, of actual cases of insanity, and that these recollections, even when not adduced, may have helped Dr. Conolly to his conclusions. Here and there, also—indeed, at every very important point of the story where Hamlet's conduct takes a new turn—references of a general kind are made to phenomena of actual insanity observed and registered by Dr. Conolly in the course of his experience among the insane. These references are rather more general than we should have liked to have from such an authority as Dr. Conolly when he was writing on such a subject; but they are interesting so far as they go, and a few of them may be quoted and supplied with titles:—

*One characteristic of a healthy brain:—*He [Hamlet] is constitutionally deficient in that quality of a healthy brain or mind which may be termed its elasticity, in virtue of which the changes and chances of the mutable world should be sustained without damage, and in various trials steadfastness and trust still preserved.

*A psychological characteristic of very sensitive minds:—*Any sudden and sharp mortification, or any novelty effecting character or position, or involving some exposure of the secrets of the heart, creates a hasty resolve, generally soon forgotten, to set aside all the

past, to re-model all the manner of life, to alter every habit, to sacrifice every customary pleasure and solace, and henceforth to live secluded in gloom and reserve.

Hamlet's secretiveness and consciousness of his insanity:—The very exhortation to secrecy, shown to be so important in Hamlet's imagination, are but illustrations, of one part of his character, and must be recognizable as such by all physicians intimately acquainted with the beginnings of insanity. It is by no means unfrequent that, when the disease is only incipient, and especially in men of exercised minds, the patient has an uneasy consciousness of his own departure from a perfectly sound understanding. He becomes aware that, however he may refuse to acknowledge it, his command over his thoughts or his words is not steadily maintained, whilst at the same time he has not wholly lost his control over either. He suspects that he is suspected; and anxiously and ingeniously accounts for his oddities. Sometimes he challenges inquiry, and courts various tests of his sanity, and sometimes he declares that, in doing extravagant things, he has only been pretending to be eccentric, in order to astonish the fools about him, and who, he knew, were watching him.

The morning hours of the melancholy mad:—Those whose duties make them conversant with cases of disordered mind, and especially those who have had the unhappiness of seeing it in the form of melancholia of recent invasion, will recognize in the state and actions of Hamlet at this time (*i.e.*, at the time of his wild interview with Ophelia, Act ii., Scene 1) a reflection of what they can scarcely fail to have observed. It is after such watchings, and after unrefreshing sleep succeeding, that the awakening comes not only without relief, but with sharper returns of sorrow, and the troubled ideas of yesterday recur with hideous strength. Sometimes the advancing hours of the day, and their various occurrences, restore the patient to calmness, or, for a time, to reason; but still the morning hours are full of peril, and the truce is treacherous: to the first fury an ominous silence succeeds, and a fixed resolution remains to effect some utterly insane purpose, to sacrifice some victim whose fate is linked with some delusion, or to rush on some frightful mode of self-destruction.

Letters written by insane persons:—He (Polonius) then reads to the king and queen the following strange letter from Hamlet to Ophelia, and by her dutifully given up to him:—

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol the most beautified Ophelia."

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love,

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at ease at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh, most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,

"HAMLET."

This letter seems usually regarded as a mere extravagance; but it deserves rather graver consideration. It was probably written before Hamlet's abrupt visit to Ophelia in her chamber, and might have been the last she had received from him written after his dreadful scene with the ghost, and wrung from him as a kind of remonstrance, consequent on the doubt of his truth and honor implied by the repulsion of his letters following immediately after that shock. But whenever written, his mind was already overshadowed with malady. There is nothing of mocking or jesting in it, but evident and painful proof of shattered power and failing trust. The writer begins extravagantly, then essays verse, and attempts a kind of assertion of his own fidelity; appears unable to go on, under a load of misery; passionately and tenderly, but still sorrowfully, he repeats his profession of love, and in the closing words we perceive only figures of despondency and death. Such a composition cannot be deemed a part of a plan of deception, or a mockery of a tender woman, whose love he had gained, and whom he himself loved. Except as the production of a disordered mind, there is no meaning in it; but it is perfectly consistent with what is observed in letters written every day by persons partially insane, both in and out of asylums, who labor under impulses to express in writing the sentiments occupying their imagination, but find the effort too much for them, and become bewildered, and unable to command words sufficiently emphatic to represent them. In Hamlet's distraction, his thoughts have almost quitted the night scene on the platform; and in his complicated distress they have turned chiefly towards Ophelia. There is considerable risk of error in commenting on the precise application of many words used two centuries before our time; but even the accidental substitution of the word *beautified*, which Polonius condemns as a vile phrase, for the word *beautiful* is not at all unlike the literal errors occurring often in madmen's letters; the writers aim at force, and are not satisfied with ordinary words. Altogether, the style of the letter has so singular a resemblance to that of insane persons of an intel-

lectual character, but disturbed by insanity, as almost to justify the supposition that Shakspeare had met with some such letter in the curious case-books of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Absence of tenderness a mark of insanity:—The diffusion of the element of tenderness over the whole of Hamlet's character, however skilfully effected on the stage, is an unauthorized departure from the delineation of his character by Shakspeare. The disappearance of tenderness from a sensitive and irresolute mind, after the shocks of violent surprise, and in the confusion of half-formed and murderous designs, is but one among the indications of the morbid change that has been wrought in the prince's character.

Ferocity of insanity:—Well has Dr. Johnson said—"This speech," [when Hamlet, seeing the king at prayer, will not kill him, lest his soul should then go to Heaven] "in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered." But it is the speech of a man uttering maniacal exaggerations of feeling. Such exaggerations of anger or ferocity are occasionally recognized in the ravings of the mad, but of no other persons, however enraged or depraved. The speech, it is also to be observed, has no listeners; there is nobody by to feign to. The terrible words are the dictation of a mind so metamorphosed by disorder, that all healthy and natural feelings, all goodness and mercy, have been forcibly driven out of it.

Anxiety of madmen to prove their sanity:—It is curious to observe that the arguments he adduces to disprove his mother's supposition [that he is mad] are precisely such as certain ingenious madmen delight to employ,—

HAM. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered: bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

This distinction of Hamlet has been too confidently quoted as affording an unerring test of sanity or insanity; but in truth it is only in the acute stage of mania, or, according to the old expression, the stage of ecstasy, that the madman is unable to re-word any matter spoken by him, and gambols from it. In many chronic forms of mania, and in almost every form of melancholia, the patient is not only able to re-word what he has uttered, but is found to repeat it every day, for

weeks, or months, or years. Such patients will even re-write words or letters, copying them precisely for presentation every morning. Many of them who are even generally violent, and sometimes dangerous, are yet shrewd enough to challenge those who address them to prove their madness, asking them to propose questions or calculations to them, or to examine them as to circumstances and times and dates.

Infectiousness of insanity:—This accumulation of madness in one play might seem to afford matter for criticism; but it is not at variance with what, in scenes of complicated trouble and trial, physicians see now and then examples of—husbands becoming insane in the course of the long and hopeless insanity of wives; sensitive women's hearts failing and reason undermined when a husband's madness has broken up their home and ruined every comfortable hope; grieving mothers falling into profound melancholy for sons or daughters stricken with mental malady; and lovers becoming insane when the fond object of love has been unexpectedly deprived of reason. And of all these things Shakspeare had observed something, as of all things else.

Madness vanishing in extreme activity, or near death:—The final scene of the play, although the deaths of four of the personages are included in it, is rendered pathetic, and even dignified, by the demeanor of Hamlet himself, by the dying tokens of his mother's love for him, and by Horatio's faithful attachment and profound and affectionate grief for his loss. The better part of Hamlet has survived all his mental discomposures. Before the fencing begins, he takes the hand of Laertes, at the king's request, although treacherously given to him both by Laertes and the king, and even asks pardon of him for the wrong he did; disclaiming any purposed evil, and ascribing what he did to his madness. . . . In the shock of all these incidents, Hamlet evinces no mental unsoundness. Death is approaching, stronger than madness. His faculties are forcibly aroused to serious action: and fanciful meditations have no more dominion over him. At length, he feels that death is in his veins, and approaching his heart. He thinks he could tell the pale bystanders something: but it cannot be. He has but energy left to prevent Horatio from drinking the remaining poison, as one resolved to die with him after the old Roman fashion.

On the whole, Dr. Conolly's theory of the character of Hamlet is well worth considering. Our wretched popular criticism is in the habit of discrediting all such attempts to

find consistent meanings and intentions in Shakspeare's plays, and of laughing at laborious German critics, such as Ulrici, who make it their business to discover and expound "the central idea" of this play or of that. Shakspeare, say the popular critics—thinking themselves clever fellows and men of the world for saying so—did not bother himself with "central ideas," but wrote on and on without any such deep and fine meanings as his ingenious commentators find in him! And so, whether Hamlet was sane or insane, or only pretendedly insane, seems a question of moonshine to these critics—undeterminable or not worth determining. They can enjoy the play, in their own way, without settling the question, or even asking it! Now, all this is mighty bluff-looking and manly looking; but, rightly considered, it is sheer exultation in stupidity. Shakspeare, probably, always knew what he was about; he probably never did a thing without knowing that he was doing it, and perceiving all its speculative bearings. That he had a definite notion of what he meant Hamlet to be—that he had in view, in the character of Hamlet, the representation of a certain type or state of mind—is undeniable by any person not absolutely "beef-witted," as Thersites said Ajax was, and as some English critics are apt to be. Dr. Conolly's theory, that Shakspeare meant to represent in Hamlet a peculiar state of highly intellectual insanity, is, therefore, we repeat, worthy of respectful consideration. For ourselves, we cannot say that we are quite satisfied with it. We miss in Dr. Conolly's investigation, fine as it is, that deep philosophy which we find in Goethe's criticism of "Hamlet"—to which, strangely enough, Dr. Conolly makes no allusion; and, having read the play of "Hamlet" nearly through again since reading Dr. Conolly's essay, we find two queries still recurring to us which might mar or greatly modify Dr. Conolly's conclusion. In the first place, we find ourselves inquiring whether Dr. Conolly takes sufficient account of Hamlet as we are taught to fancy him before the play opens—the Wittenberg student, the over-speculative

intellect, the mind morbidly metaphysical, all whose operations are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and each of whose movements is attended, not with a practical result, but with a precipitate of profound reflections respecting whatever is on hand. We ask whether that view of the play of Hamlet is not sufficient which supposes that Shakspeare meant to represent the breakdown of such an over-speculative, over-metaphysical intellect in circumstances requiring consummate action (if, indeed, any conceivable kind of action would have been consummate enough to suit), without supposing also that he meant to portray an access in this mind of any additional insanity. And we ask, in the second place, whether such a state of mind—all its strangeness, all its secretiveness, all its ferocity in speech, all its listlessness in action, and all its unkindness even to Ophelia included—ought to be called insanity. All Denmark voted Hamlet insane; and Dr. Conolly votes him insane. But a very popular definition of insanity regards as insanity all very conspicuous difference from the mood of the majority; and we have read enough of medical dissertations on insanity to see that, according to the definitions of some physicians, every splendid or unusual man that walks among us has burst the bounds of reason, has incipient brain-disease, and is on his way to an asylum. We inquire, therefore, whether Shakspeare, in Hamlet, may not have meant merely to represent some splendid and unusual state of mind with which he was personally very familiar—abnormal, perhaps, as being over-speculative and over-metaphysical; but not necessarily insane, save in a sense in which the world might well tolerate more specimens of such insanity than it is ever likely to have. We are not sure but he may have meant to describe to the world, in the Hamlet-mind, a constitution of mind which he thought not insane, but only grand and rare. But, though Dr. Conolly's theory in its totality, does not convince us on its first presentation, it may gain strength, or at least exert an influence, as it is further thought over.

From The Athenæum.

The Phantom Bouquet: a Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed Vessels, and adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste. By Edward Parrish. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London Bennett.)

MR. EDWARD PARRISH is an eminent drug cook. His writings on drug cookery, or pharmaceutical chemistry, have gained him the esteem of the brethren of his craft in Europe as well as in America. When they learn, therefore, that he has been recreating himself from the fatigues of graver labors, if not more useful pursuits, by writing in a high-flown style a *brochure* on a "Phantom Bouquet," they will receive the information with some amusement. They will smile all the more when they learn that the book is obviously misnamed. Opticians can make phantom bouquets; and now that scientific spectres are doing the business of poetical and dramatic ghosts upon the stage, spectral flowers may soon be seen adorning theatres and drawing-rooms with their ethereal and startling beauty. It is the optician, and not the botanist, who can make phantom bouquets. But leaves and not flowers, fibres and not phantoms, are the themes of this publication of Mr. Parrish, of Philadelphia. He is nearer the mark when he compares the art of preparing leaves to something like what Sydney Smith fancied he would like doing to himself, when he wished to lay aside his too cumbrous flesh during the intense heat of the dog-days, and sit in his bones. By phantom bouquets are meant "skeleton leaves,"—long and familiarly known in Europe, as exhibited at horticultural shows in shop-windows, and used as drawing-room ornaments and educational appliances. Mr. Parrish is as unfortunate in his second name for the art in question, calling it "skeletonizing"—a term which includes not merely the gratification of the whim of Sydney Smith, but the pursuit in which the most memorable feat was performed by the ants in the Hartz Forest: they prepared the skeleton of the deer which enabled Oken to perceive that the skull is only a developed vertebra. After calling its subject by such over-fine and over-dismal names—skeletonizing and phantom-making—Mr. Parrish affectionately inscribes his book to his wife, as "a pioneer and proficient in the art herein

portrayed;" and the inscription is a compliment, however oddly worded.

The art of what we may call Leaf-bleaching has been traditionally known in Europe and Asia for many centuries, but seems to have reached Philadelphia, in America, only just before the civil war. This American druggist writes about it in the enthusiastic strain of the Scottish editor whose descriptions of the British metropolis provoked his readers to say "he seemed to have discovered London." To this circumstance we owe this little book—the first, as far as we know, ever devoted to an art producing very pretty and instructive results, and well worthy the attention of ladies. Skeleton leaves have, for the first time, a little book all about themselves.

Some years ago, Mr. Parrish was attracted by a beautiful vase of prepared leaves and seed-vessels, displaying the delicate veinings of these plant structures, and of such brilliant whiteness as to suggest the idea of perfectly bleached artificial lace-work or exquisite carvings in ivory. Mr. Parrish is so little of a physiological botanist, that he calls the cellular tissue, the seat of the marvels of cell life, the parenchyma, which becomes the germ and the pollen, "the grosser particles"—

"This elegant parlor ornament was brought by returning travellers as a novel and choice trophy of their Transatlantic wandering; none could be procured in America, and no one to whom the perplexed admirer could appeal was able to give a clue to the process by which such surprising beauty and perfection of details could be evolved from structures which generally rank among the least admired expansions of the tissue of the plant. That the novelty of this spectacle then constituted one of its chief attractions need not be denied. Yet the phantom case, now that hundreds of pier-tables and *étagères* in city and country are garnished with its airy forms, and its photographic miniature, under the well-chosen motto of 'Beautiful in Death,' is displayed in almost every stereoscope, still delights with a perennial charm, creating a desire among all amateurs in matters of taste, to add an ornament so chaste to their household treasures."

Leaf-bleaching has been known traditionally from time immemorial in Europe and Asia by the families in which botanical tastes have been hereditary. It is not, as Mr. Parrish calls it a lost art revived; and it has nei-

ther been forgotten nor restored. In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, as well as in the United or Disunited States, among the quaint old curiosities to be found in the houses of retired sea captains and East India traders, Chinese pictures are often to be found, sometimes of considerable beauty and ingenuity, exhibiting flowers, fruit, shells, birds or insects painted in bright colors on veritable skeleton leaves. The process is to be found described in old books published in London in the seventeenth century. It appears to have been introduced into England from Italy, probably in the Elizabethan age, when the Italian mind had so much influence upon the English mind. In 1645, at the time of the civil war, Marcus Aurelius Severinus, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Naples, published a figure of a skeleton leaf. Frederick Ruysch, naturalist, published an account of the process of fermentation, by which heat and moisture could be employed to loosen the pulpy from the fibrous parts of the leaf. This fact, so long known in Europe, was circulated as a secret in Philadelphia in 1860! Secrets do not fly so very fast after all.

"The leaf is the plant," say the disciples of Goethe; and there is as much truth in the proposition as can be compressed into a saying. There are air and water, stem and flower, leaves. Botanists divide the tissues of plants into vascular and cellular; and in skeleton leaves the cellular tissue is removed and the vascular retained. The vascular tissue branches through the cellular by what used to be called nerves, and are now called veins. Mr. Parrish, after certain European theorists, calls the leaf the type of the tree, in the sense that the leaf-veins correspond exactly to the branches of the trunks in their angles and curves. The skeleton leaf is its tree, leafless, in miniature. Prior to comparing the leafless tree with the skeleton leaf, the tree ought to be seen in the "gloaming;" just as Sir Walter Scott said that, to be seen to advantage, Melrose Abbey must be seen by moonlight. No doubt it is well to compare the leaf-pattern with the tree-pattern; and there is some ground in reality for these fanciful correspondences. The length of the stalk and of the trunk are relative to each other—shooting up or sitting low; as, for example, in the poplar and chestnut, beech and oak. Leaf-bleaching, however fanciful these resemblances may be deemed, must promote habits

of observation in young people, and cause them to notice the differences of leaves, serrated or entire, ovate, acuminate, cordate, or irregular. Observers of leaves, we may add, will see greater marvels than this book promises them. They may witness the metamorphoses of the leaves, which are quite as wonderful and beautiful as the metamorphoses of the insects, and much less known. The egg, grub, and fly in the circle of insect life are not more interesting to watch, as forms passing into each other, than are the seed, leaf, petal, sepal, stamen or pistil, cell, and pollen, watched as changes of form in the phases of plant life. Prof. Schleiden and other botanists who have never mastered Goethe's theory and Geoffroy St. Hilaire's explanation of monstrosities, have sneered at the discovery of the poet-botanist; but any observer of the leaves of the wild strawberry may easily convince himself that scientific accuracy is not on the side, on this occasion, of certain mere botanists.

Not merely in summer, but nearly all the year round, may leaves be gathered for bleaching. Leaves already prepared are sometimes found in winter and early spring. Leaves macerate best when gathered or picked mature, perfect, unblemished, and fresh. The leaves of suckers are large, but not strong. A list of forty plants whose leaves, and twenty more whose seed-vessels, reward bleaching, is appended to this essay. Among the hardy deciduous plants and shrubs are maples, poplars, lindens, magnolias, tulip poplars, willows, beech, ash, hickory, chestnut, horse chestnut, elm, Kentucky coffee-tree, pear, quince, apricot, andromeda, deutzia, spiræa, sassafras, althæa, pomegranate, rose-acacia, rose, medlar, wild cherry, sugar-berry, witch hazel, *Fraxinella dictamnus*, *Gardenia florida*, *Laurestina franciscæ*, *Erythrina cristigalla*, *Virgilia lutea*, white fringe-tree. Among the evergreens are holly, mahonia, barberry, mountain laurel, box, butcher's broom, *Olea fragrans*, *Camellia japonica*, caoutchouc; and among the vines and creepers are ivy, begonia, witsaria, Dutchman's pipe, greenbriars, and wild yam. The seed-vessels, modified leaves, and calyxes, successfully macerated or found naturally prepared, are thorn-apple, poppy, mallows, nicandra, physalis, henbane, monkshood, wild sage, safflower, canterbury bells, toad flax, skull-cap, figwort, French tomato, wild hydrangea,

hydrangea, bladder senna, bladder nut, ptelia, false pennyroyal.

Leaf-macerating is very simple. Mr. Parrish cannot, however, be recommended as a safe guide in the process, for his advice is too vague and his methods are too rough. Nothing can be more misleading than to say a single vessel will suffice for many similar leaves of different kinds; for the leaf-bleachers who succeed best in this country say a separate vessel is necessary for every separate leaf. A few leaves of the same plant are all which ought to be in a single vessel. The leaf-bleacher, in fact, who feels all the difficulties of his art will not, whilst he is but a beginner, simultaneously attempt to macerate and bleach a great variety of different kinds of leaves, but will make the leaves of each species his separate care and study. Each species requires special treatment, either as regards maceration, bleaching, manipulation or time. Beautiful skeleton leaves of the *Camellia japonica*, for instance, are obtained by boiling them with soap.

The tannin in oak-leaves enables them to resist the ordinary process of maceration in a vessel of water in which evaporation is promoted by solar or artificial heat. Oak-leaves are prepared in England by a process repudiated in Philadelphia, by mixing dilute muriatic acid with the macerating water. Beautiful and ready prepared oak-leaves are found in the fresh water streams of America. And they are prepared by very singular artists! But we shall allow Mr. Parrish to describe this curious observation in his own way and words:—

“It yet remains to notice in connection with oak-leaves, what cannot fail to excite the liveliest pleasure in every naturalist who delights to seek the woods and streams on chill autumn days, though all the fragrant epigeas, the delicate bloodroots, the pale spring beauties, the modest ‘quaker ladies,’ and all their lovely spring companions have so long departed as to diffuse almost a feeling of sadness in visiting the now desolate slopes they rendered so inviting. Let our amateur note what becomes of the leaves that, having performed their allotted part in the growth of the forest and ceased to be fermented by the life-sustaining sap, have yielded to the blast and now thickly strew the ground, awakening, as stirred by the wind or the foot of the pedestrian, the familiar rustle of the autumnal woods. These are all destined to

pass into the earth from which they sprang by a slow but sure decay. The oak-leaves, as would be supposed, longest resist this destiny. Even those that have fallen into yonder stream have not matted themselves into the slimy mass, except by mixing with other and less hardy leaves; and here if the explorer will search closely, he may occasionally find almost perfectly skeletonized oak-leaves. How came they so? Look, provident Nature has found a way to make them, intractable as they are, to subserve a purpose in her wise economy. Thousands of curious little animals called caddice bugs [*sic*] who envelop themselves in a tubular little cocoon [*sic*] of pebbles and sand, are daintily masticating the soft parts of these, leaving all the veinings as perfect as the most captious skeletonizer could desire. It is true that after the rough usage of the running stream upon its pebbled bottom and the thick matrix of twigs, chestnut-burs, acorns, and the like, very few perfect specimens remain, but then, my friend, here is a hint for us. Change these adverse conditions; colonize, by the aid of an exploring kettle, a few hundred caddices with their moveable tents [*sic*] to your own sheltered veranda; give them a shallow dish with a bed of sand in the bottom and a constant trickle of fresh water to resemble their native stream; then supply them with their favorite leaf, and they will clean it for you to perfection. This has been done successfully, and it can be done again.”

The insect in question is, no doubt, the larva of a species of *Phryganea*, or caddis-fly, called by anglers cad-bait and water-moth. They may be seen flying over the surface of the water about sundown. The species serviceable in Philadelphia in preparing oak-leaves may not be identical with the species found abundantly in water-cress beds in French and English streams. But no one desirous of repeating and testing the experiment can fail of being rewarded for his pains. The English type of the species (*Phryganea Grandis*), if it does not feed upon the parenchyma of oak-leaves, certainly feeds upon cresses. And no more curious animal can be watched in a tank! His pharmaceutical repute considered, it is astonishing that Mr. Parrish should have called this insect a bug, and its tubular abdominal case, or sheath, a cocoon or tent. Entomology, we fear, is not much cultivated in Philadelphia. The species common in Europe may be seen taking the fine white threadlike spongioles of the floating water-cress, and twining them in rings around its body and then glueing the shells of plan-

orbes and other young or tiny mollusks to the tube of rings!

Mr. Parish mentions some electrical observations made upon skeleton leaves and flowers in glass cases which deserve quotation, although mistakenly stated:—

“In a model phantom-case, arranged by a medical friend, himself a model naturalist, ‘humble that he knows no more,’ a delicate fern rising to the summit trembles with electric vibrations on every touch of a silk handkerchief to the glass, while a little tuft of hydrangea flowers, loosed from its moorings, rises to the top like a balloon whenever the unseen electric flash is awakened even by dusting the surface of the shade.”

Saying nothing about a flash which is not seen, we suspect that the volatile flowers mount by specific gravity, because cold air is admitted at the bottom of the shade by the shaking which follows the dusting. But the statement respecting the handkerchief and the fern-leaves is worth testing.

For bleaching the leaves, solutions of chloride of soda and chloride of lime are used, and some succeed best in the one and some in the other solution. Mr. Parish gives up flowers and the leaves of herbs as hopeless, but many of them may be dried and preserved in very fine and very dry sand.

WHAT DID JAMES WATT KNOW OF PHOTOGRAPHY?—There have recently come to light some pictures executed by James Watt which were undoubtedly produced by the agency of light, and probably at a date long before the commencement of the present century. Yet some of these are so exquisite in color and sharpness, that persons who have made photography their especial study found it difficult to decide, on mere examination of individual specimens, that they had not been produced by the brush. The marvel becomes still greater when it is considered that modern photographs on paper, especially on coarse and common paper like these newly-discovered pictures, turn yellow and fade in a few years. There has not yet been found any explanation of the process by which the pictures were produced, but there is intrinsic evidence that the material employed differed altogether from any now ordinarily used. The detailed description and the history of the discovery will not be made public until the investigations now being industriously pursued have been completed. The specimens already found comprise some pictures on metal resembling the early daguerreotypes and a number of large prints on paper. The date of the metal pictures can be approximately fixed, since one of them represents Watt's house at Soho as it appeared prior to certain alterations made about 1791. The paper pictures are mostly copies of figure-compositions by Angelina Kauffman; differing, however, from the originals in having the figures reversed. One of these pictures, printed on a sheet of water-lined foolscap paper of very coarse texture, was exhibited at the last meeting of the London Photographic Society, in order that the experts present might decide whether it had been produced by the agency of light. The general conclusion arrived at was that it was undoubtedly an untouched photograph. Whatever the material employed, it had evidently been laid on the surface of the paper like a sensitive varnish.

On the back of one of the prints was found an inscription in the handwriting of James Watt, identifying it as his production. From the great scientific interest attached to this discovery, and the care and skill with which it is being investigated, there can be little doubt that all the particulars will eventually be found out. There will then be need for our neighbors to produce very convincing proofs of the independent re-discovery of the art by Daguerre, as there is a great mystery about his early experiments, and evidence has already been obtained that these newly-found photographs were originally exported to France, whence they have now, by a strange chance, come back to the Patent Museum at South Kensington.—*Lancet*.

MESSRS. JENNINGS of Cheapside have now on view Mr. Barker's picture, “The Secret of England's Greatness,” founded on the alleged reply of her majesty to the envoy of the African prince, who presented her some costly presents, and in return desired to know the secret of England's greatness. Handing the envoy a copy of the Bible, her majesty said: “Tell the prince, your master, that *this* is the secret of England's greatness.” In the painting, the Ethiopian envoy characteristically and richly clad, is kneeling before the queen, by whom the prince consort is standing. On the right hand are Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, the latter then John Russell; and behind the queen is the Duchess of Wellington. The grouping is artistically arranged, and the costumes are most elaborately finished.

In the course of the current year 1863, one bookselling-house in Germany, it is said, attains the two hundredth year of its existence, and four others may celebrate their hundredth anniversary.

From The Reader.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders. By Frederic J. Mouat, M.D. (Hurst and Blackett.)

IN the Bay of Bengal, on the very high-road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave off the hair of their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, or covering their persons towards nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—turtles, oysters, and fish. They do not cultivate anything, and avail themselves merely of such herbs, roots, and fruit as are growing wild in their islands. Their houses are of the most primitive description, consisting of a few sticks put in the ground and covered with the gigantic leaves of fan-palms—their migratory habits not being favorable to the formation of good houses or decent-sized villages. But they devote much patience and time to the building of canoes. As they have not iron tools, the felling of a large forest tree with stone implements, scooping out the trunk and attaching to it an outrigger to prevent the canoe from capsizing when at sea, is an extremely slow and tedious process. Their bows and arrows, in the handling of which they are very expert, have to be manufactured by the same rude

implements. They do not manufacture any ropes or cloth as do most barbarous tribes living among fibre-yielding plants, their bow-strings, the Rev. Mr. Parish informs us, being the aerial roots of epiphytical orchids.

The Andaman Islands have been known for more than one thousand years; but so hostile are their diminutive inhabitants that it is not safe to land on their inhospitable shores, except with a well-armed escort. The sight of strangers puts them into a perfect fury, and they generally receive visitors with gestures of unmistakable dislike, and copious showers of well-aimed and barbed arrows. Towards the end of last century the Indian government established a convict settlement in this group; but the mortality amongst the prisoners and their keepers and the hostility of the natives were so great that the settlement had to be given up. During the late Indian mutiny, Lord Canning thought it desirable to revive the scheme, and despatched an expedition, under Dr. Mouat, to explore the islands once more, and endeavor to discover, if possible, the cause of the alarming mortality that had led to the abandonment of the first convict colony. This task was ably accomplished, and Old Harbor recommended as the most suitable place for a settlement—the laying-dry of extensive swamps, by shutting out the tide, being recommended as the best remedy for the unhealthiness of the climate.

From the natives Dr. Mouat's party met with the usual reception, and in several instances it became necessary to return their shower of spears and arrows by a discharge of fire-arms. Attempts to reconcile them by such trinkets and presents as are generally acceptable to savages proved ineffectual. Even when the presents had been deposited on the beach, and every white man returned to the boats, the Andaman islanders could scarcely muster sufficient confidence to pick them up. It was most ludicrous to see some bold native advance with cautious step, and, like a fowl, first picking up one thing, then giving furtive glances all round, and hastily picking up another, until the whole had been gathered up, and the courageous man was able to take to his heels. It has been supposed that these islanders have occasionally been kidnapped; and that may partly account for their extreme hostility and timidity; but they could have been captured only

by stratagem, as no European nor Asiatic could compete with them in swiftness of foot. Their running over the entangled roots of mangrove swamps, with which their coasts abound, is described as an extraordinary feat. The popular belief is that they are cannibals; but Dr. Mouat did not succeed in collecting any evidence in confirmation. Nor, indeed, did he and his party add much positive knowledge to the few data we possess for establishing their relationship and position in the great human family. We know, as yet, nothing definite of their inner life, and it is absolutely premature to speculate on the slender materials at hand. The few ascertained facts about their customs and manners, their hostility to strangers, their absolute state of nudity, their fondness of covering their bodies with mud and a mixture of red earth and oil, their canoes and peculiarly constructed outrigger, their totemism, their eagerness to possess themselves of the skull and bones of deceased friends, their disuse of idols—all these agree better with what is known of some of the Papuan races than with what we know of any other people. Dr. Mouat evidently knew but little of the dark-skinned races we have compared the Andaman Islanders' with, and does not dwell sufficiently on the striking coincidences, not to call them more, we have pointed out. Not all Papuans are men of large proportions; in some of the smaller islands they are quite below the middle stature. Nor have all of them frizzled hair. Indeed, it is now well known that many tribes give their hair a frizzled appearance by the application of lime.

After Dr. Mouat had completed his survey he at once returned to Calcutta, much to the annoyance of his companions, who were most anxious to collect further information about the singular islanders they found themselves amongst. This was the only time, Dr. Mouat

says, that the good understanding between him and his companions was momentarily disturbed. Just sufficient had been collected to excite an interest in the subject—no more; and an additional couple of months would have materially enhanced the value of previous and hasty observations. Fortunately, the expedition captured a native boy, who was taken to Calcutta, and supplied many links in the scanty ethnological information collected. The boy, to whom the sailors gave the generic name of Jack, became the lion of the Calcutta season, and brought great crowds around Dr. Mouat's house, eager to have a look at the monster—for such the popular belief pictured him. To have some peace it was found expedient to dress up a lay figure, somewhat coming up to the popular conception of an Andaman Islander, and place it at another house from that the young pigmy inhabited. Civilization, however, did not agree with poor Jack. He was taken seriously ill, and, though his life was saved, it was considered necessary to send him back to his native isles. To guard against his being mistaken for a foreigner and shot by his own countrymen, he resumed his Adamite costume, tied his clothes in a bundle, and, as long as the ship that took him home was in sight, it was observed that none of his countrymen ventured near him; he was silently standing on the beach, watching with evident emotion the departure of those, who, after capturing him, had showered upon him nothing but kindness.

Dr. Mouat's book will probably induce others to take up the interesting subject where he has left it. The chief merit of the volume is that it has drawn general attention to one of the most remarkable races on earth; and it is written with such ease and in such a pleasing style that it will doubtless secure for itself a wide circulation.

ANDREW HALL FOOTE.

WHAT time our armies fought at Donelson,
And round Fort Henry wound in snake-like
coils,

We owed to one man's never-ceasing toils
Much of the victories which there were won.
Long and with honor had he served the land,
At home, and more abroad—on sea and shore;
And when fierce war stretched out its bloody hand
He stood alert—eager to do yet more;

And none of all who've nobly fought and bled,
Have fairer, brighter record kept than he.

To-day that hero-gentleman lies dead—

A Christian soldier lost to liberty!

'Mid solemn bells and reverent guns, well may
the nation weep

Above the honored dust of him who calmly lies
asleep. J. H. E.

New York, June 27, 1863.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From The Reader.

POMPEII.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times*, writing from Pompeii, gives the following graphic picture of the horrors of that fearful 24th of August, seventeen hundred and forty-four years ago, when a fearful eruption swallowed up Herculaneum and Pompeii, the latter within sixteen years of its rebuilding: "There are now boulevards around Pompeii, and a road is being made for the carts which convey the rubbish in the direction of the amphitheatre. From the top of those boulevards the visitor has a view of the whole city, and can form a tolerably correct idea of the interior of the houses uncovered. Excavations are now going on on two eminences near the Temple of Isis, and the house called Abondonza. Our inspection was chiefly confined to the former site, where, in a house situated in a narrow street recently opened, we saw several bodies, or rather forms of bodies, which now attract universal attention. The unfortunate inhabitants of this house fell, not on the bare ground, but on heaps of pumice stones, and were covered to a great depth by torrents of ashes and scoria, under which they have lain for nearly two thousand years. One day, inside a house, amid fallen roofs and ashes, the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli, the chief of the works for excavation, soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. He accordingly made a small hole through its covering, and filled it up with liquid plaster of Paris, as if it were a mould. The result was that he obtained a complete plaster statue of a Roman lady of the first century of the Christian era. Close by were found the remains of a man, another woman, and a girl, with ninety-one pieces of silver money; four ear-rings and a finger-ring, all gold; two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag or purse. The whole of those bodies have been carefully moulded in plaster. The first body discovered was a woman lying on her right side, with her limbs contracted,

as if she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress and the hair are quite distinct. On the bone of the little finger were two silver rings; and with this body were the remains of the purse above mentioned with the money and keys. The girl was found in an adjoining room, and the plaster mould taken of the cavity clearly shows the tissue of her dress. By her side lay an elderly woman, who had an iron ring on her little finger. The last personage I shall describe was a tall, well-made man, lying full length. The plaster distinctly shows his form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, his beard and hair. I contemplated these human forms with an interest which defies expression. It is evident that all these unfortunates had made great efforts to escape destruction. The man appears to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue the terrified women, who thought they could be nowhere so safe as in their own home, and hoped that the fiery tempest would soon cease. From the money and keys found with the body of the first woman, she was probably the mistress of the house and the mother of the girl. The slender bones of her arms and legs and the richness of her head-dress seem to indicate a woman of noble race. From the manner in which her hands were clenched she evidently died in great pain. The girl does not appear to have suffered much. From the appearance of the plaster mould it would seem that she fell from terror as she was running with her skirts pulled over head. The other woman, from the largeness of her ear, which is well shown by the plaster, and the iron ring on her finger, evidently belonged to a lower class, and was probably a servant of the family. The man appears to have been struck by lightning, for his straitened limbs show no signs of a death-struggle. It is impossible to imagine a more affecting scene than the one suggested by these silent figures; nor have I ever heard of a drama so heart-rending as the story of this family of the last days of Pompeii."

From The Spectator, 27 June.

RECOGNITION AND MEDIATION AGAIN.

THE friends of the South, as we fear we must call them, rather than the friends of peace, Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay, have prudently provided themselves with two strings to their bow. Mr. Roebuck's motion for a recognition of the South is to be discussed in the House of Commons on Tuesday next, and lest that should fail, as it will do, they have sagaciously endeavored to win over to their view that shrewd imperial politician on the other side of the Channel, with whom, as Lord Palmerston tells us, his Government is in such profound accord on all weighty and difficult political questions, "whether in the far East or the far West," and who has already shown so much political magnanimity in forgiving Mr. Roebuck an invective as foolish, as violent, and more personal against himself than that which he is now launching at the heads of the North American Administration. The first of these steps, which contemplates simple recognition, is, we need scarcely say, quite inconsistent with the second, which offers mediation. We do not give any power a violent blow in the face as a preliminary to offering our services! Lord Palmerston would have been thought insane to recognize the independence of Poland first, and present his diplomatic suggestions to Russia afterwards. This, no doubt, the Emperor of the French sees clearly enough, though the self-elected English advocates of the Southern cause, who have been taking sweet counsel with him, appear to forget it. Of Mr. Roebuck's two irons in the political fire he can only use one; and we suspect that his motion for recognition is no more than a feint to elicit a parliamentary discussion which may encourage the ministers to follow their great ally in the political use of the other. Mediation might deserve at least the name of an expedient to smooth away the troubles of America. Recognition is only a singularly well-contrived expedient to aggravate them.

This is so certain that we need scarcely recall to our readers the well-worn reasons which substantiate this view of the case. We have recognized revolted States in two distinct classes of cases,—first, and in accordance with international principles, when the effort to subdue them was no more than nominal,—when no armies threatened, and no practical menace endangered the assertion of their

practical independence. Till Gaeta fell we did not recognize the Neapolitan revolution; till many years after Spain had ceased to invade Buenos Ayres we did not recognize that or the other Spanish republics. Peaceful recognition of revolted States, as has been fifty times proved, implies practical independence, the practical cessation of all serious effort on the part of the Government against which they revolted to subdue them. Now, of course, to talk of recognition in this sense is simply absurd. No one doubts that the armies of the North are at present both relatively more important and more painfully effective on Southern soil than they have ever yet been. The South is more exhausted, the North is less unsuccessful, and much more progressive than at any previous period of the war. It would be about as foolish to recognize the South now, on the plea that effectual Northern invasion has ceased, as it would be to recognize Poland's independence on the plea that effectual Russian invasion has ceased. No one would probably advocate such a step as that. The second use of recognition has been the use of it as a weapon for political purposes, practically equivalent to an adoption of the side of the weaker party for reasons so important as to justify subsequent intervention, should it be needed,—as in the case of the recognition of Greece. This is we suppose, if he is politically sane, the ground on which Mr. Roebuck will press recognition. He will speak of the outpouring of blood, of the disturbance of commerce, of the ruin of a manufacture, and argue that something must be done to aid the weaker party in order to arrest a war of extermination. But all that he can urge on this head is so far more pertinent to the French plan of mediation, that we do not see what he can say in favor of the abrupt, the more discourteous, and therefore, necessarily the more desperate course. If he *prefers* war to a mediation for peace, of course he would launch his bolt at the North, as the more likely to cause it. How would Russia reply to a recognition of the independence of Poland? Surely, with a declaration of war, unless she saw reason to despise the futility of the measure, and apprehended no attempt at forcible intervention. Mr. Roebuck must advocate recognition in preference to mediation, if he does advocate it, expressly as a war measure, and as no one will go with him in that wise

course, we may pass at once to the consideration of the wiser French policy of pressing on the North to accept their mediation with the South,—a step which, as it is based on no pre-judgment of the rights of the question, is not, at least, like the other, self-condemned.

And now, as to the policy of mediation. It is not only not necessarily mischievous, but at certain conjunctures, and if really offered in a manner courteous and friendly to the North, might possibly be beneficial. We do not think the time is yet arrived when it could be so. But in the event of the North recovering completely the line of the Mississippi, and *not* gaining any fresh advantage in Virginia, we do conceive it possible that a friendly offer from France and England to mediate on a basis that would give hopes of peace without any hope of unlimited extension to the slave power, might possibly be acceptable, and could not in any case prove injurious. But this is assuredly not the spirit or the wish of friends of mediation in this country. The *Times* does not hesitate to quote the case of Poland as one exactly parallel to the case of the Southern States, and to argue that the treaty intervention of the Three Powers to demand the fulfilment by Russia of a violated diplomatic engagement, on behalf of men struggling for their freedom, is a precedent for intervening to enforce the right to break a solemn obligation on behalf of men struggling for a wider area of slavery. A more unfortunate precedent for mediation than the mediation in Poland—itsself unwise enough, unless the powers have made up their mind to declare war in case of refusal—could scarcely be imagined. The technical ground of that intervention is a European treaty conferring on Russian Sovereigns the crown of Poland. Have we any such technical ground for intervention in America? The moral ground for *some* intervention—we will not say for Lord Palmerston's—in Poland is, that a great nation far more fit for freedom than the power which governs it is manacled together in cruel servitude with another people in a much lower stage of political development, and has been deprived of all the rights of free speech, honest tribunals, and native administration, as well as oppressed with a conscription law which English statesmen have called a proscription law. To test this great discovery of the *Times*, that the Polish intervention is a

precedent for the American, let us just remember what would be the laughter of Europe if we seriously demanded of the North to proclaim to the South, on condition of submission (1), an Amnesty; (2), Representative Institutions; (3), the employment of none but Southerners in the government of the South; (4), Liberty of Conscience; (5), the enactment of a legal recruiting law. Would not the South reply that not only this, but far more than this, they had always possessed; and that what they revolted to obtain was not privileges of this kind, but the five points of unlimited right to oppress their own slaves, and of propagating that system of oppression to all the four points of the compass? A more unfortunate notion than to quote the precedent of intervention in Poland as warranting an intervention in America probably never yet occurred to a literary advocate writing at high pressure.

In truth, the only conceivable ground for mediation is to arrest the prosecution of a contest, in the abstract perfectly justifiable on the part of the North, but almost hopeless, and if hopeless, then and therefore only, practically unjustifiable. But no mediation of this kind either can answer or ought to answer unless based on this ground, and this alone, and unless contemplating the great State policy which renders it not only necessary for the North, but expedient for the whole world to arrest with a strong hand the development of the new slave power for the foundation of which the South is fighting. If we could go to the North and express our strong sense that the war was in its purpose and commencement absolutely just, that it contemplates an end not only politically defensible on the part of the Federal Government, but morally identified with the interests of the whole earth, but nevertheless pointed out that, looking to the actual power and insane ambition of the South, and to the passions which had been roused by the conflict, their actual subjugation seems at once hopeless and scarcely consistent, even if accomplished, with any restoration to them of their civil liberties for a generation to come,—further, that a great part of the aim of the war might be effectually gained by a peace which should narrowly limit the area of the slave power,—then we do think it possible that mediation might prove beneficial. But to mediate in Mr. Roebuck's or Mr. Lind-

say's sense, in order to obtain a virtual triumph for the South, to encourage France to threaten forcible aid to the South if the Federal Government should not accede to her proposals, and to involve ourselves in a certain, though it might be, reluctant war with the Federal Government, which would have the same effect,—this would be a proceeding to which we might, perhaps, find a very inadequate precedent in the intervention of Russia in Hungary, in 1849, but to the spirit of which our present interference with the affairs of Poland, unwise though it may be, is diametrically antagonistic.

From The Spectator, 27 June.

NAPOLEON'S LAST COUP D'ETAT.

FRANCE is one step nearer to constitutional government. The doctrine of ministerial responsibility is not admitted by the empire, but a defeat on the hustings has sufficed to drive a ministry from their seats. Of the many acts by which Louis Napoleon has established his claim to a place in the front rank of statesmen, few have been wiser or better timed than the decree issued 24th June. That decree is not one of the sensation kind, has not effected *rentes*, or disturbed Europe, or given any party or nation cause for immediate hope or alarm, but the circumstances under which it was issued make it still a *coup d'état*. The elections were but just over, and the cities of France, without an exception, had pronounced against the existing *régime*. Paris especially, which claims to be France, and which is really its brain, had emphatically declared her weariness alike of M. de Persigny and of a system which offered her order instead of excitement, high rents instead of great thoughts, new streets and squares and fountains instead of vivid intellectual life. The *entourage* of the Tuileries was wild with chagrin and disappointment. The minister of the interior—a man who for twenty years had been the emperor's trusted friend—was said to have recommended that the elections should be annulled, and certainly did attack Paris in language her citizens will not forget. The swarm of little men who cling to the imperial throne like barnacles to a keel, and by whom the emperor usually chooses to seem to be swayed, were all clamoring for further repression,—for a new *coup d'état*, a new oath of alle-

giance, a new war, a new prohibition of debate, a new device of some kind which would make them realize once more that they were sheltered by a strong hand. Just as their counsels were sternest came the news of the fall of Peubla, news which assured them that, repress as they would, the danger of discontent in the army was for the present over. The power for a heavy blow came sharply after the provocation to strike, and half the born kings of Europe would have yielded to the temptation. The Orleanists expected with annoyance that all their sacrifices in taking the oath might have been made in vain; the Republicans anticipated with amazed hope some blunder which should wound the *amour propre* of France. Fortunately for Louis Napoleon he has lived many lives, and in the midst of the riot the emperor, whom any man seems to rule while he is silent, and no man can change when he has spoken, suddenly opened his mind. The reproof of Paris was to be met by concession, and not by new *coups d'état*; the ministry must resign, and the Government must be defended in the Legislature by cabinet ministers instead of ministers' clerks. In other words, the ministry, in whom France has lost confidence, was dismissed; the Legislature which she had strengthened received a new mark of respect; and the despotism against which she had protested was modified by a new constitutional right.

The protest of Paris is met upon every point by concession, and though in each case the emperor yields as little as possible, still it is much that he yields at all. If a minority of thirty-five suffices to change the *personnel* of a ministry, may not a majority one day change the party from which it is selected? If the rebuke of Paris has abolished the ministers without portfolio, may not the rebuke of France abolish ministers without responsibility? If a small opposition is entitled to explanations from ministers instead of clerks, may not a large one be held worthy to control those ministers' action? The concession, however small, looks like obedience to the popular vote, and if a vote is to be obeyed, instead of being met with grapeshot, the destiny of France has once more passed from the hands of the emperor into her own. That is the main significance of the change, though in itself it is not so contemptible as French Liberals may believe. The importance of the

Corps Legislatif, which without ministers was, like the American Congress, only a great debating club, is very decidedly increased. The emperor has re-connected the Legislature and the Cabinet, removing those buffers between them—the ministers without portfolio. Two Cabinet ministers, whose offices correspond nearly to those of our own president of the council and premier, are to speak on behalf of Government of plans and acts in which they have had their share. The “ministers with a voice” had none, could only speak as they were bid, only promise after a consultation with the real administrators behind. It is the difference between talking to a partner and to a clerk, and will tend directly to increase the influence and the dignity of the legislative branch. Then, though ministers are not responsible, they can, as we see, be dismissed, and Cabinet ministers whose bills are rejected, or who are directly censured by a majority, are very likely to find themselves out of office. Even in England it is only the practice and not the theory of the Constitution which makes a hostile vote fatal to the continuance in office of men who theoretically are only her majesty's servants. The tendency, too, of every man is to respect the body to which he belongs, and which he finds he can influence, and ministers sitting in Parliament usually regard the debates with a very different feeling from that displayed by ministers who observe them only from the outside. The American secretaries would not be so regardless of the opinion of Congress if they mingled in its debates, nor would they be quite so willing to accept their president's decision as final. The tendency of the change, however feeble, is still to increase the influence of the representative body over the executive, and thus to open to France the means of executing her will without descending into the streets.

These, however, are results which will only be felt in the future; the fact more immediately interesting is the change of advisers upon which the emperor has resolved. M. Fould remains, it is true, as guarantee for economy, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, as proof that foreign policy is unchanged; but the bulk of the ministry is made up of new men. M. Boudet, who, though a Councillor of State, and a “most respectable person,” is outside his own country a man whose name suggests

no ideas, obtains the Ministry of the Interior, by far the most important in France. M. Behic may possibly be known to those who hold shares in the Messageries Impariales, but he has not hitherto been one of the political circle. M. Billault, Minister of State, who, with M. Rouher, Minister President, will represent the Cabinet, was last session only the tunnel through which the Foreign Office filtered its ideas to the Chamber. And M. Baroche, now Minister of Justice and Religion, was at the same period only *umbr*a to M. de Persigny. The *personnel* is changed, and changed, there seems little reason to doubt, in a comparatively Liberal sense. M. de Morny, who, like his master, understands his epoch, and thinks the safety-valve of the steamer an inexpedient seat, would hardly have consented to remain in the Government without some guarantee for the press. Then it is improbable that any minister would compress the journals quite so fiercely as M. de Persigny, impossible that any minister should compress them in quite so hateful a way. His dismissal is by itself a warning which no statesman is likely to disregard, and M. Boudet has not the personal hold which M. de Persigny possessed. Above all, the visible determination of the emperor to accept the will of France as the guide, if not of his acts at least of the direction of those acts, will give every publicist courage, and make every minister dread lest the time should yet arrive when a free press should denounce himself before a Legislature summoned by the authority of a Bonaparte, but still irresistibly powerful. All must depend as yet on the emperor's personal intentions, and we have not forgotten that M. de Persigny began his career with a profusion of liberal words, but the tendency of the decree is to show once more that the emperor does not forget he holds power by the tenure of expounding the popular will.

There is much speculation abroad as to the effect of the ministerial changes on the emperor's foreign policy, and the removal of Count Walewski is held unfavorable to intervention in Poland. Upon questions like this, however, the emperor rules alone, and the change can scarcely affect his course upon foreign affairs. The Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, all the officers whose departments would be

greatly affected by war, remain unchanged. M. Boudet cannot prevent Poland from being heard, or M. Behic cool down all France from a fever of eager sympathy. The motives which might impel, and the motives which might restrain the emperor in beginning another war of European dimensions, are wholly unaffected by anything that has occurred. He will not play for so vast a stake until his mind is made up, or the pressure from without is not to be resisted, and when it is made up, ministers and councillors, public and secret, will be changed, or used as if they were pawns in chess. In the Italian War he hesitated up to the last hour, and, had Austria been less impatient, would have called on Congress instead of his army. It may be very unpleasant for Europe to know that peace or war hang upon one man's will, but that has been the case any time these twelve years, and that is the penalty Europe must always pay when in its timid fear of freedom, it rejoices that "order reigns in France."

From The Spectator, 27 June.

AN IRISH PREMIER ON IRELAND.

LORD PALMERSTON'S speech on Tuesday on the condition of Ireland was a good example of the best and worst peculiarities of his mind. Mr. Maguire, in a speech temperate as if he had been born in England, as full of facts as if an Irishman could by possibility respect statistics, moved for a royal commission to "inquire into the state of the agricultural classes of Ireland," because the measures of 1860 in the direction of tenant-right had proved inoperative. Speaker after speaker rose to repeat some one of Mr. Maguire's propositions in italics; Mr. Roebuck made a clever but unpractical suggestion; Sir Robert Peel poured out a strange "discoorse," which reads like a lecture to a Young Man's Society, on the tenures prevalent among mankind; and then the premier stood up to order the division. His usual weapon, tact, was for the evening laid aside; the rapier was exchanged for the club, and he struck out hard. He did not attempt to deny the distress—"we all admit and deplore it"—but he attributed it to the seasons, over which no Government has any control. He did not question the proportions which the new exodus has assumed, but openly doubted whether Ireland was not over-populated, and

the departure of her people not in itself a blessing. He did not shirk the question of tenure, but asserted point blank that any arrangement which left the landlord less than absolute was "confiscation," and "a subversion of all the fundamental principles of social order." He denied the possibility of remedy save from the seasons, and called on the House to refuse the motion, which the House did by a majority of one hundred and twenty-eight to forty-nine.

It is impossible not to admire the political courage which tells the inhabitants of a kingdom that there is no hope for them save banishment; impossible not to distrust the socialism which pronounces so boldly that the consequences of an unnatural social condition are in reality its causes. If Lord Palmerston's theories are true, nothing can be more beneficial to Ireland than the way in which he states them. If it be the fact that Ireland to be prosperous must be a desert, if her fate is "prairie" instead of "clearings," if her people are a nuisance, and their hopes chimeras, the more thoroughly the country understands those hard truths the better for its population. Political reticence is never worth much, and the suave etiquette which lets a people perish rather than cease to prophesy smooth things is the worst, because the most injurious, of the hundred forms of lying. But then it ought, at least, to be clearly proved that the curses *are* truths, that our blunt friend is telling us things visibly for our good, and not assuming frankness in order to feed fat a secret grudge. The premier spoke with earnestness, and being an Irishman can hardly be suspected of anti-national prejudice, but his reasonings seem as feeble as his convictions are strong. Mr. Maguire, in common with most contemporary thinkers, and notably Mr. J. Stuart Mill, ascribes the evils of Ireland to what he terms the land tenure. He means, we believe, though he did not bring out the point, not the tenure itself, which is simply the absolute right of the owner, and which works well enough in England and Scotland, but the incessant conflict between the tenure sanctioned by law and the tenure sanctioned by opinion. The law makes the landlord absolute, enables him to turn cornfields into pasture or pasture into cornfields at discretion, to split his land among pauper cottiers, or to remove the population *en masse* that sheep may have space to

feed. There is no limit to his right except the one which is the safety-valve of our society, and which binds him, if he allows the population to stay, to see that in the hour of extremity, while *he* has anything, *they* shall not die of hunger. Absolutism corrected by a poor-law is the English landlord theory and the lawyers' theory in Ireland, and, once admitted by all classes, is, we honestly believe, upon the whole the best. Only, the Irish don't admit it. Their theory, strengthened by a custom of three hundred years, is that the landlord has absolute right of property, but the tenant an equal right of occupancy, so long as he pays the acknowledgment fixed by the lord, and of course, law and opinion are at incessant war. The tenant, justified, perhaps, by precedents stretching through centuries, improves, or sells his improvements, or transfers his right of occupancy for a consideration. The landlord, justified by the law, takes the improvements, annuls their sale, or claims to transfer the occupancy under no restraint save his own will and pleasure. Of course, there is a struggle, and unhappily for Ireland the contempt for life which is at the very root of the Celtic nature, which is the spring of the French passion for glory as well as of Irish murders, of the Parisian readiness for barricades as well as the Irish sympathy for assassins, makes that struggle a bloody and therefore a criminal one. Englishmen long ere this would have met a system which they hated as the Irish hate this by a passive resistance, before which the landlords would be as powerless as the Legislature. Suppose a county threw up its holdings, accepting poor relief till its leases were signed! Irishmen meet it,—we are pleading their cause, but shall blink no truth—like assassins, by cowardly shots from behind hedges, and still more cowardly menaces of future vengeance in writing. Of course, atrocities of that kind rouse the manliness of the landlords, as well as their instinctive hate of restraints on property, and so the conflict grows daily worse, the gulf between class and class deepens and widens, the peasant betakes himself more readily to his weapon, the landlord is almost ready—as Sir E. Grogan showed in his speech—to call for despotic measures of public safety. It is into the possibility of remedying this state of affairs that Mr. Maguire asks Parliament to inquire, and it is an inquiry into this condition of affairs that the

Premier, backed, we allow, by the Liberal party, speaking, we admit, the sentiments of five-sixths of England, blankly declines to grant.

He says, and those who vote with him say, this is not the true disease, but the diseases they quote may be proved to be only symptoms. It is over-population, says Lord Palmerston, but population is only an effect. Why should Ireland be over-populated any more than Great Britain? The theory of marriage is the same, the age of marriage among the agricultural classes the same; the women are not more prolific, the people singularly and enigmatically free from all forms of sexual vice. They were but a million once, and the problem is to discover why they should have increased on the land like rabbits, while Englishmen bred like human beings. Are not the true causes the poverty and the recklessness which spring of the social disorganization, which is produced by the class hostility which, in its turn, has its root in the tenure? It is the cottier system? The French, who do not multiply, are cottiers too. It is the national character? In what respect does that character differ from that of the Poles, who, so far from multiplying, have in all probability decreased? It is the national creed? Bah! Look at Lombardy, where a Catholic population turn a drought-stricken plain into the richest of gardens, without eating one another up by their numbers. Then, suggests Lord Palmerston, if it be not over-population, it is the rainfall. Ireland is a wet country. Well, Lombardy is a dry one; or take Bengal, which is wetter yet, and which is over thousands of square miles cultivated like a garden. The use of scientific cultivation, as we understand it, is to meet local difficulties of soil and climate and season, and the reason scientific cultivation does not exist in Ireland is simply the absence of capital, produced by the class-war which has its root in tenure. To say the island *cannot* under any conditions feed its people is simply to accuse Providence of being rather more stupid than Scotch landlords, who contrive to make a poorer soil keep their people fat.

"But," argues Sir E. Grogan, "it is not over-population or the tenure, but disorder and idleness." Crush down disorder by force, and make the people work hard. Yet for three hundred years we have tried this

crushing system under the most favorable circumstances, and with the effect we see. A government supported by a race who at almost any time in their history could, had they chosen, have exterminated the Irish, was for three hundred years released from scruples by a difference of creed, and applied its pitiless strength without a shudder or a remorse to this one end, and failed. It has not even secured the one poor result, which in vast and swarming countries like India it has secured, viz., the personal safety of the rich—the end which a government like that of Naples, abandoned of God and detested of man, did still contrive to obtain. Are we to re-commence that system, and live over again three centuries of cruelty, to find ourselves at the end either with a desert to re-people, or a new effort to begin the career of justice upon which we are at last fairly embarked? Statesmen, we submit, will for once agree with philanthropists that if all efforts are to fail, and Ireland still to be a wound rather than a limb in the body politic, they may at least accept that fate more easily by retaining the consciousness that, as at present, Ireland suffers under no intentional injustice. As to industry and energy, the very ground of inquiry is that the Irish who abroad succeed, at home despair, the very object to be sought is the cause which produces the admitted difference. The shiftless, improvident, lying heap of rags and geniality who in Ireland potters over a half-drowned potato patch, crouches to the priest and shoots at the landlord, is in Ohio a hard-working farmer, believing in broadcloth, and spiteful only to the priest who objects to a Protestant school. The wretched squireen, who is in Ireland the worst specimen extant of civilized man, is in India a successful administrator, or in Austria founds a family honored for generations. The rebel, who in Ireland writes mad verses in the *Nation*, or talks lying trash about the "Saxon," or rushes with a mob of half-armed wretches on the same wretches civilized by English discipline, is in Australia a working and very successful Minister of State, in Canada a large proprietor—a man whose opinion carries English votes, whose letters of warning sound to Englishmen masterpieces of eloquent sense. The cause of the difference is social disorganization; the root of disorganization is the tenure;

and into the possibility of amending that tenure Parliament refuses to inquire.

From The Spectator, 27 June.

THE BRITISH DEMANDS ON RUSSIA.

THE six points of Earl Russell's proposal by no means reconcile Liberals to the Polish policy he is pursuing. They seem to us just wide enough to render concession exceedingly difficult, and just narrow enough to make it of no conceivable use. If rejected, they leave us no honorable alternative except to insist on acceptance—which is war; and if accepted, they provide no guarantee against further oppression of Poland—which is not peace. Let us make the three wide assumptions—that Russia accepts them *en bloc*, that the national Government of Poland, which lately declared that its single object was "independence," consents to recall its own words, and that recalling them it retains its influence with the insurgents; and, even in that excessively improbable case, what will Poland have gained? The Czar will have pledged himself to create a representative government, to select only Poles for office, to establish a fair conscription, to employ the Polish language, to grant a general amnesty, and to protect religious freedom. Considering that Prussia at this moment possesses every one of these advantages, they are not necessarily of much value, even when considered apart from existing facts. But, considered with them, they amount, with the exception of the amnesty already refused, absolutely to nothing. Poland has had all these things once before already, granted in honest faith, secured by treaty, guaranteed by all Europe in arms, and they have all been taken away. No constitution could be more liberal than the one of 1815, the Polish language has never been abolished, and as for the employment of Poles, it was a Pole who devised the act of tyranny which has made even Conservatives speak as if ready for war. Poles are not pleased when their first-born are kidnapped by a Pole any more than when they are abducted by a Russian. There is no new guarantee that the Alexander of to-day will be more honest than the Alexander of 1815, that Constantine Nicolaivitch will be less of a tyrant than Constantine Paulovitch proved to be. All the

Poles in the ancient kingdom are given up to the mercy of the czar, to the ruffian who is deporting the nobles of Lithuania, or the incendiaries who are calling up peasants to massacre landlords in Volhynia. Congress-Poland will still remain united to Russia, and the czar will still retain his indefinite powers as king. Not one guarantee for personal freedom is so much as suggested. Poland will still be occupied by Russian troops, whose excesses are protected by the law which exempts soldiers from courts of justice, while the children of Poland are still condemned to serve at the furthest extremities of the empire. That the Russians will employ every power reserved as an instrument of terror is certain, and there is nothing in the six points to prevent their sending all Polish regiments to do duty on the Amoor. The only guarantee worth a straw, the cantonment of the national army within the national boundary, is carefully omitted, and Poland is left dependent on a power which to her has always been treacherous, and which will feel that its promises have this time been extorted by the menace of force. No free press is demanded; it is as easy to punish complaint as crime; and the instant the paper is signed the government may commence with impunity to violate its provisions. What is to prevent it, except just such an insurrection as these proposals are intended to pacify, or just such an intervention of the West as Earl Russell hopes to avert? The treaty proposed is, in fact, a mere repetition of that which was signed at Vienna, and the breach of which has for thirty-three years kept Europe on the verge of a general war.

Take, on the other hand, the far more probable supposition that the czar rejects or evades the principal propositions. It will be exceedingly difficult, if he means to retain his autocratic power, to accept them even in seeming. The ruling classes of Russia, which include, be it remembered, the officers of the army, have reached that political stage at which the spectacle of a free Government in one-third of the empire—constructed by the sovereign who refuses free Government in the other two-thirds—would stimulate them to frenzy. The existing order of society could not endure a twelvemonth under such a pressure, and the dynasty would lose as much from its diplomatic defeat as it could fear to lose from war. Why, then should it accept

a position which, disguise it as we may, has something of humiliation for a Government whose pride is at least equal to that of any Government in the world? By all reports, it is arming to meet any possible eventuality, repairing Cronstadt, replenishing arsenals, ordering masses of troops into the provinces most exposed to attack by sea. Strengthened by the adhesion of the people, who, however discontented, are not unpatriotic, it may refuse point blank, and how will the Foreign Office stand then? If it has decided on war, it may, indeed, escape ridicule, for it can plead the otherwise blameable moderation of its own proposals, and the contrast between its gentle speech and its tremendous action will certainly not diminish the dignity of its attitude. But if, as Earl Russell affirms, it has determined under all circumstances to avoid war, it will stand convicted of having attempted interference without the power of securing respect, and must either proceed to the extremities which it has repudiated in advance, or submit to leave the affair, and with it Europe, to the will of its great ally. For, it must be remembered, the ministry is not alone in this matter. If England, having joined France in a specific demand, retreats from enforcing that demand, Napoleon may well refuse to be dragged back by Earl Russell, or to encounter the ridicule which is so fatal in France. He is not bound to acknowledge that his despatches were only words, or to assume that when England demanded fulfilment of a treaty, she meant it should not be fulfilled. Is the Government prepared either to sacrifice the alliance which, while it lasts, keeps the ocean clear and limits the area of almost any disturbance, or to allow Napoleon to do the whole work and to fix on his own reward? To go forward with France was wise, if we were going forward to the end; but to go forward, and then desert her at a point where no critic among us can blame the emperor for advancing, and so sacrifice our own honor, the future of Poland, and the French alliance in one triumphant blunder;—this certainly is no evidence of high diplomatic skill.

We confess to a growing conviction that this question is leading to war, and that England, with all her efforts, may be unable to keep out of the fray. Napoleon has other interests than ours, and is liable to a pressure no government in England can feel. It is

easy for us to recede, for at the worst, there is nothing at stake but a ministry; but it is not so easy for him, who, if once he incurs contempt, loses the hope of maintaining his dynasty. France has been highly excited by the continuance of the struggle, and will not hear without anger that diplomacy has only succeeded in displaying its own impotence to assist the one friend for whom France cares. Napoleon is not the kind of despot who can despise a national emotion, and his only door of escape is to throw the responsibility wholly on his "selfish" ally. There is not a doubt that he will, if he decides on inaction, take this course, indeed, he takes it now, and the result of three months diplomacy will then be the irritation of Russia, the discredit of the Whig ministry, the execution of Poland, the alienation of Napoleon, and the mingled contempt and distrust of the liberal classes of France. Those are not results which Gov-

ernments are usually prepared to accept, and for us as for Napoleon the alternative of compelling respect by force seems most unpleasantly near. There may be ways of escape, but the preparation of armies in Russia and batteries of artillery in Paris, the hush which prevails on the continent, and the silence enforced on the House of Commons, the frightfully vague and wide projects which the Austrian press is discussing, and the strained expectation which is beginning to manifest itself among the best informed politicians of Europe, are all symptoms which of late years have only preceded storms. We have no dread of a war to realize such an object, but we protest against a diplomacy which, if it succeeds, is only to secure to a fraction of Poland a trumpety shred of freedom, and which, if it fails, will re-open all those vast sources of disturbance which the peace of Paris was said to have closed.

THE second session of the International Association for the Promotion of Social Science is to be held at Ghent, in the third week in September, between Monday, 14th, and Saturday, 19th, inclusive. Ghent is already preparing a series of *fêtes*, "which promise to surpass in historical exhibitions anything hitherto attempted of the sort." Among the questions to be discussed by the members of the International Association there are many on which the comparison of the continental with the English view will be peculiarly interesting, as, for example, "How can imprisonment pending trial be best preserved from abuse?" "Ought the State to preserve to itself certain monopolies, like the telegraph, railways, etc., and work them as a source of revenue?" "Within what limits should the rights of visit, capture, and blockade in time of war be restricted, in order to reconcile the interests of belligerents with those of neutrals?" On such questions as these,—and there are many such,—foreigners may be of far more use to Englishmen than Englishmen to each other. And the discussion, therefore, in Ghent in September will, it may be hoped, greatly widen the field and deepen the interest of the English Social Science Association's discussions to be held in Edinburgh between the 7th and 14th of the following month, October.—*Spectator*.

THE Eton boys have re-established a magazine, called *Etonensia*, and their first number is a very creditable performance. There is an essay

on Arthur Hallam, very nicely written, and one on words set to music, which shows humor and literary skill. The grandeur of the youthful editors is rather amusing. Of one essay which they decline, they say, "of this effusion they will say no more than that its want of the poetic element disqualified it at once from appearance in our pages." The editors are classical, but, as Mr. Pecksniff puts it, "pagan, we regret to say." They announce for July the appearance of certain papers, not "*D. V.*," nor even "*Deo volente*," but "*Diis volentibus*." We trust the divinities invoked may prove propitious, as the lads really show a good share of literary capacity.—*Spectator*.

AMONG the answers to correspondents in the *Journal of Horticulture* of last week is the following, under the heading "Cochin-China Cocks Paralyzed;" from which it would appear that poultry-medicine is not yet quite in a state of certainty. "The usual cause of these birds losing the use of their legs is the rupture of a small blood-vessel on the brain. This generally is occasioned by the birds being too fat. A tablespoonful of castor oil, and a diet of soft food, chiefly boiled potatoes, abundance of lettuce leaves, and freedom from excitement, whether from fright or other cause, is the best treatment; but it requires perseverance, and there is no certainty of success." This is a rather hopeless look-out for the paralyzed Cochin-Chinas.—*Reader*.

HYMN FOR THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

LORD, the people of the land
In thy presence humbly stand ;
On this day, when thou didst free
Men of old from tyranny,
We, their children, bow to thee.
Help us, Lord our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

All our homes are red with blood ;
Long our grief we have withstood ;
Every lintel, each door-post,
Drips, at tidings from the host,
With the blood of some one lost.
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one
Who bewails a stricken son !
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife,
In her long, long widowed life,
Brooding o'er the fatal strife !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

On our Nation's day of birth,
Bless Thy own long-favored earth !
Urge the soldier with Thy will !
Aid their leaders with Thy skill !
Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

Lord, we only fight for peace,
Fight that freedom may increase.
Give us back the peace of old,
When the land with plenty rolled,
And our banner awed the bold !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

Lest we pray in thoughtless guilt,
Shape the future as Thou wilt !
Purge our realm from hoary crime
With Thy battles, dread, sublime,
In Thy well-appointed time !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

With one heart the nation's cries,
From our choral lips arise :
Thou didst point a noble way
For our fathers through the fray ;
Lead their children thus to-day !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

In His name, who bravely bore
Cross and crown begemmed with gore ;

By His last immortal groan,
Ere He mounted to His throne,
Make our sacred cause Thy own !
Help us, Lord, our only trust !
We are helpless, we are dust !

Geo. H. Boker.

A DIAL'S MOTTO.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this : " I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches :
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely ;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it :
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing ;
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely ;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter ;
We take the cup of life and taste
No portion but the bitter.
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest ;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely ;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning ;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All bodyless phantoms scorning ;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely ;
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.